Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

Fair Calendar—1882.

Maine State, Lewiston, Sept. 26-9.
New England, Worcester, Sept. 5-8.

COUNTY FAIRS.

Cumberland, Presumpscot Park, Sept. 19th-22d.
East Somerset, Hartland, Sept. 12-13.
Franklin, Farmington, Oct. 10-12.
Kennebec, Readfield, Oct. 3-5.
Knox, Bucksport, Oct. 3-5.
Lincoln, Oct. 3-5.
No. Knox, Washington, Oct. 10-12.
No. Franklin, Phillips, Sept. 13-15.
Oxford, Paris, Oct. 3-5.
Penobscot, Carmel, Sept. 20-22.
Penobscot Central, West Charleston, Oct. 3.
Piscataquis Central, Foxcroft, Oct. 3-5.
Waldo and Penobscot, Monroe, Oct. 4-5.
Waldo, Belfast, Oct. 3-5.
W. Penobscot, Exeter, Sept. 26-27.
West Somerset, Oct. 3-4.
Washington County, Pembroke, Sept. 27-28.

TOWN FAIRS.

Buxton and Hollis, Sept. 26-28.
Cumberland Farmers' Club, West Cumberland,
Chesterville, Sept. 20-21.
Sept. 20-22.
Ossipee Valley, Cornish, Sept. 13-15.
Scarboro and Cape Elizabeth Farmers' Club, Pleasant Hill, Sept. 19-20.
Will Secretaries aid us in perfecting this list?

Sorghum Experiments.

Some time ago we received from Commissioner Loring of the National Department of Agriculture, a circular, the substance of which is given below. It seems to us that the commissioner does not attach that importance to the open letter of Prof. Silliman, an abstract of which we recently published, which it deserves, but is governed rather by his preconceived notions and prejudices. We know how hard it is for one to yield a position which he has long held to, even when it proves to be wrong, but a man occupying a high place where his acts affect great interests, should be above prejudice, and ever open to conviction. We hope that jealousy of his predecessor has nothing to do with the decision of Commissioner Loring in deciding to discontinue experiments with sorghum at the Department. His chief reason, the cost of production, we consider entitled to no weight. Are any of the experiments of the Department conducted with a view to making them pay? We think not.

We do not care to have the commissioner figure out for us just what the sugar made in sorghum experiments, has cost per pound, but what we are interested in is whether the Department experiments have been valuable in determining the value of sorghum as a sugar-producing plant, and while we think this has been clearly proved in the reports of Prof. Collier and fully sustained by a committee of the National Academy of Science, we would like to have the views of the commissioner upon the subject. If the conclusions of Prof. Collier are correct, and of this there can be little if any doubt, it is a very contracted view of the subject to measure their value by the few dollars they have cost, and at the same time convey the impression that they have cost more than they are worth. The Commissioner proposes to abandon sugar experiments at the Department, and in lieu thereof to pay for the ten best returns of private experiments the sum of twelve hundred dollars each, and the same amount each for the two best experiments with sugar beets.

The latter proposition appears to us to be arrant nonsense. The value of sugar beets for the production of sugar is as well settled to-day as it will be after the Commissioner has paid his $2400 in premiums. It is no longer a question for discussion, when a very large per cent. of the world's sugar comes from this source. It is an old world industry improved by a half century of careful experiment, and how much additional light will the expenditure of $2400 throw upon the subject? Where cheap labor can be had, the production of beets for sugar may be profitable, but in New England it did not prove so. There is no question about the production of a fine quality of sugar from beets, provided the beets can be had; but if Prof. Collier's views are correct with regard to sugar from sorghum, there is no doubt that the early amber can be grown at a profit for sugar purposes, over a large portion of the country.

While we are not prepared to endorse such opinions with regard to the Commissioner as some of our exchanges, we confess to some disappointment in his action upon the sorghum question. The Providence (R. I.) *Press*, in commenting upon the circular referred to says:

"A commissioner of agriculture who was at all fit for the place would not be long in reaching a decision upon the sorghum question. Many people in this country read with suspicion the enthusiastic speeches of Commissioner Le Duc on this subject, and his well-known lack of sound judgment prevented that attention from being given to the matter which the utterances of a more discreet man would have commanded. But when the reports upon the experiments made by Dr. Peter Collier were submitted to a special committee of the National Academy of Sciences, consisting of some of the most eminent chemists in the country, and that committee made a unanimous report, sustaining all that Dr. Collier had claimed for his discoveries, and recommended a continuance of the experiments, all doubt about the matter was removed, and anybody but a self-opinionated person, who was more fearful that a predecessor in office should derive some credit from the discoveries than he was anxious to encourage a new and most important industry, would have seen the importance not only of continuing the experiments, but of making them more thorough and extensive than ever before. But Dr. Loring decided last fall, before he had carefully examined it, that the whole sorghum business was "boy's play," and the report of the committee referred to has not seemed to make any impression upon him."

Prof. J. W. Sanborn.

We regret that J. W. Sanborn, Farm Superintendent of the New Hampshire Agricultural College, has accepted the position of Professor of Agriculture in the Missouri State University and will soon leave New England for his new field of labor. Mr. Sanborn, when called to take charge of the New Hampshire college farm, was a practical farmer and no doubt a good one, but he had received no early training to qualify him for the position to which he has just been elected. Since his connection with the college, he has studied the theory and also the practice of husbandry, and his reports, as well as his contributions to the press, show how well he has improved his time. He has been an energetic worker, and his experiments in cattle feeding have thrown much light upon this important subject. He goes to a broader field of labor and where he will get better paid; but it is a picayune policy that will send our best teachers away for lack of adequate support at home. It was this which sent Professor Jordan away from our own State College and which will probably ere long send others away. But what is our loss is the gain of those States which have secured the services of Professors Jordan and Sanborn.

In this connection we give Professor Sanborn's views upon the relative feeding value of shorts as compared with corn meal and cotton seed meal for milk and butter. In a letter to the New England Homestead he gives a table illustrating the subject, all three of the foods having been under trial:

	Corn meal (per cent.)	Cotton seed meal (per cent.)	Bran (per cent)
Water	14.4	11.2	13.10
Ash	1 4	7.6	5.4
Fibre	2.0	9.2	8.7
Fat	4.9	13.7	3.8
Nitrogen free extract,	66.5	19.5	55.0
Albuminoids	10.7	38.8	14.0
Digested per 100 lbs. of each	66 lbs.	59.1 lbs.	61.6

The above are all German data.

It will be noticed that the amounts of each tested, varies, corn meal being by far the easier digested. One hundred pounds of corn meal will make one per cent. more milk than 100 pounds of bran, a small difference indeed, but different from what dairymen tell us. At the same time the corn meal will make from seventeen to twenty per cent. more butter, of better color, flavor and texture. Cotton seed meal will give as much milk and butter, perhaps more butter than corn meal, but the butter is questionably of as good quality. The above remarks apply when these meals are fed with hay.

In conclusion he says there is no food that he knows of, when the quality of butter is considered, that can be added to corn meal when fed with hay, that will both improve and cheapen the ration, with the possible exception of carrots, the best of roots for butter. For a 1000 pound cow, six or seven pounds make a good ration—four to five quarts of clear meal daily. The best method of feeding he deems to be to feed the grain fine ground twice a day and dry. As to whether it should be mixed with the hay he does not state, but in a month's trial the scales record no advantage. Neither does he find it pays to cut corn and other coarse fodder for feed.

The Cattle Plague.

Disease among cattle is reported severe in certain portions of Texas, in Berks county, Pennsylvania, and some other parts of the country. There is some difference in the disease in different places, although there are many points of similarity. When the cattle are first attacked, they refuse to eat or drink. They seem to be seized with a chill and breathing becomes difficult. Some moan and appear to be in great pain. In a short time they lie down and die in great agony. Their bodies swell out of proportion and a very foul odor is emitted. A hasty examination of one of the bodies showed that the blood of the dead animals turns completely black. In Pennsylvania cattle have been known to drop dead fifteen minutes after they were first attacked. Two cows of Harrison Haak were driven into pasture early in the morning. They were apparently well, but in twenty minutes they dropped dead. The rest of the herd commenced bellowing and pawing the earth and pranced about the dead carcasses that were rapidly swelling. In a short time six more of the same drove were dead. The owner had their swollen bodies carefully limed and buried in the woods. In this way some thirty-five head of cattle perished on different adjoining farms. Some died in the stable. One farmer found two cows dead in the barnyard.

Veterinary surgeons pronounce the disease splenic apoplexy caused by an extensive engorgement of the spleen with blood. The spleen of some of the cattle which had just died was found to be quite putrid. The bodies of dead animals are very poisonous, and one man has already died from lockjaw and blood poisoning, caused by assisting at a post mortem. Some of the poison of the animal got into his system through a wound on his hand, and in a few hours his entire system was poisoned. His body, arms and limbs became fearfully swollen, and covered with black blotches. He was then attacked with lockjaw and died in terrible agony. The native haunts of this disease are the tide waters of the Gulf of Mexico. It never occurs spontaneously in a region visited by frost, and when carried beyond this thermal line in summer soon dies out on return of cold weather. In the Northern States it is not contagious from one native or acclimated animal to another, and consequently this malady can only be induced by exposure to Southern cattle that have not been wintered beyond the line of snow. This disease, therefore, must be regarded as a specific fever, uniform in its type, from year to year, and propagated by contagious effluvia. The alvine discharges are undoubtedly the principal source of infection, as can be shown by experiment. This usually occurs but once in an individual, and only in bovine animals, as the horse, sheep, and swine are never affected, however much they may have been exposed.

Our Apple Export Trade.

Our apple export trade with England is assuming quite extensive proportions, and the prospect for a demand from that quarter this year, appears to be remarkably good. The *Garden*, published in London in a recent issue, has the following upon this subject:

"The reports which we have received from Messrs. J. W. Draper & Son, Covent Garden, the principal London agents for the sale of these fruits, indicate that the crop is most prolific this season. From personal observation we gather that in England the crop is comparatively a failure; in France a poor crop is calculated upon; in Germany one-third crop only; in Holland only half a crop, and in Belgium not half a crop—thus the prospects were never more favorable for shipments from America to England than they are this year. The American apple trade, formerly monopolized by Liverpool, has during the last few years (in consequence of direct communication) been gradually diverted to London, which market now competes favorably with Liverpool."

And while upon the subject of apples, some information gained in a recent conversation with Hon. John L. Stevens, the American Minister to Sweden, may be of interest to some of our fruit growers. Mr. Stevens remarked that no good apples are grown in Sweden, Denmark or Norway, and that no American apples find their way into those countries. He thinks a valuable trade might be worked up in that direction by parties having the means and the disposition to go into it. All the apples found in Stockholm and other cities of northern Europe, are grown either in the Tyrol, or France, and they are so expensive that the poor cannot afford to indulge in them. They are shipped in boxes and each separate apple is wrapped in paper, the same as oranges are when brought to this country, and retail for about six cents apiece.

Mr. Stevens thinks that New England apples, on account of their fine keeping qualities, are better adapted to the markets of northern Europe than those of any other part of this country, or of any country. Our best sorts are much better in flavor than those now supplied there, and our best keepers would, if properly put up, stand the long voyage without difficulty. How they can best be put up is a question yet to be determined, but in all probability the method of packing them in boxes, already referred to, will be found the best. Packed in barrels and frequently handled over, if packed ever so closely, they grow loose, get bruised and then rapidly decay. Such is the frequent experience of shippers of apples to England. The voyage to Hamburg is longer, and then to reach the cities of northern Europe they must be carried a greater or less distance by rail. But at the prices paid for French and Tyrolese fruit, there must be money in shipping apples from New England, even if the expense of putting them up in the same manner, must be incurred. Of course only perfect fruit could be disposed of at this price. Mr. Stevens remarked on the beauty and perfection of the apples offered for sale in the markets of Stockholm, so far as external appearances are concerned, but their taste is insipid, and in all respects except in looks, they do not compare favorably with New England apples. "Six cents apiece" for apples sounds large to our ears, but we must remember that it is the scarcity of a fruit that gives it a value. We often pay six cents for an orange, and a good apple in our judgment is more delicious than the best orange; but the orange will not grow here and this makes the difference in the price.

Working Butter.

Mr. H. Stewart, in the Rural New Yorker, gives the following information respecting the important process of working over butter. He begins by remarking that it is one of the most important of dairy operations. The process is required, first, to press out all the buttermilk remaining in the butter, or if this has been washed out with water to get rid of the water remaining; and second, to thoroughly incorporate the salt with the butter. But in this necessary process it is indispensable that the texture of the butter should not be injured and its fibrous-granular or waxy character changed into a sticky, greasy paste. This, however, is easily done by bad working or over-working, while on the other hand, bad working may leave the butter streaked, patchy and spotted because the salt has not been evenly distributed. In working butter the mechanical operation should consist of pressure only. Any sliding, plastering movement of the ladle or working implement upon the butter is to be strictly avoided. Pressure forces the granular or small masses of butter into very close contact, flattens them, lengthens them, dovetails them into and between each other and produces the well-known fibrous texture of first-class butter. He continues:

No other mechanical operation will produce this effect and no other will so well force out the superabundant moisture. I say superabundant, because butter will not be of good texture and quality if it is worked quite dry and is made quite devoid of moisture. When good butter is cut a few minutes, dewdrops of clear liquid should appear on the fresh surface, and this greatly improves the butter. It is very difficult for a dairyman working butter by hand to avoid injuring the texture of it in the effort to get the salt evenly incorporated and all the excess of moisture worked out. The machine workers as generally fail as the hand workers, because they are not so made that an inexperienced person cannot go wrong. There is, however, one exception to this, in a machine in which a child even cannot make a mistake and must go in the way he should go. This is the new Blanchard worker, which I have been recently experimenting with. This machine only presses the butter out into a flat, thin sheet, by an ingenious device without rollers or ladles or anything that can rub or slide on it. The salt being then sprinkled on the butter, the sheet is folded or doubled up and again pressed; at every folding and pressing, the salt is more and more evenly distributed and the granular masses of the butter, as they come from the churn, are pressed into fibers lying lengthwise, so that the peculiar texture so desired in good butter is produced necessarily and cannot be avoided. If the cream was right when it went into the churn, and the churning has been well done, then no one, however inexperienced in working butter, can possibly avoid working it right with this worker while nine out of ten would spoil the whole with the usual bowl and ladle. When the butter has been brought to an even texture and shade of color, without patches and streaks in any part of it, the working should cease, although there may yet be some considerable moisture in it. If the butter has been well washed in clear, cold water, free from milk, this moisture will be clear brine and should be retained in the butter to preserve a good flavor. When good butter has been well worked, the last thing to do is to pack it properly. The lump being cut into moderate-sized pieces, is to be pressed down into the pail closely around the sides, so that no air spaces are left, for if these spaces remain in the butter, the surfaces will lose both color and flavor. A layer of one or two inches is enough to pack in at once, and the whole pail will be quite solid. Lastly, a neat, good pail is indispensable, and the neatest, best and most convenient I know of or have used is the small, spruce-wood Welsh pail, holding 20 pounds.

Notes.

A Maine correspondent of the Germantown *Telegraph*, says that the fields of grain at the Insane Hospital were burned over in order to destroy the army worm. This is a mistake. No fields were burned over or burned at all. The idea is also conveyed in the same letter that the worm has been distributed by means of seed grain sold from the Hospital farm. This is impossible, as the army worm has never been seen at the Hospital before this year. The nature and habits of the pest in all its phases also, render it impossible for it to be distributed in the dried and threshed grain. Careful enquiry has been made by the Steward of the Hospital, and so far only two fields out of some fifty sown with seed from the Hospital, have suffered from the ravages of the worm. The spread of the army worm must be credited to the fully developed insect, the moth which flies from place to place, and perhaps travels quite long distances aided by the prevailing winds and depositing her eggs wherever she alights and the place is favorable.

Reports indicate that the army worm is doing more mischief in the Maritime Provinces than they are here. The last number of the Maritime *Farmer* says: "We are sorry to state that the pests have been marching onward, and extending their ravages. Our exchanges contain notices of the advance of the farmer's enemy. One of them states that its progress 'throughout the country is alarming." We read of it devastating the hay on the islands above and below Springhill, appearing in swarms on fields on the Nashwaak, threatening to invade Carleton Co. by way of Holton, and literally swarming in the old Burying Ground, and on the back road to the Rural Cemetery, St. John. It is said that the army worm much affects the neighborhood of places of sepulchre, and it is a pity that it does not confine itself to such places. We would fain hope that the ravages of the pest over this province will be but very partial, and that the loss by this cause will not very materially affect the harvest returns."

There was a refreshing rain-fall on Wednesday night of last week, which was greeted with hearty thanks. The ground had become very dry and vegetation was generally at a stand-still. Probably many fields of corn are ruined, but we hope the damage may not be so extensive as some have feared. Will our correspondents inform us on this point? In some localities there have been frequent showers and vegetation has not materially suffered while over the most of the State the effects of the drouth have been more or less seriously felt. We trust its force is broken and that we may now have frequent rains.

The general outlook of crops in Georgia is given in the recent report of the State Department of Agriculture in the following words: "The prospect in the State at this season, for all crops except cotton, was never more flattering. It is yet too early to forecast what the cotton crop may be. Never have the farmers of the State been in better spirits or more hopeful of the future. They are enjoying a foretaste of the fruits of a policy which has been persistently recommended by this Department—that of a self-sustaining system of husbandry.

With the first issue in August, the popular New York Journal, *Forest and Stream*, has been enlarged to 28 pages, weekly; the *Forest and Stream* is devoted to Angling, Shooting and Yachting, and kindred out-of-door manly recreations. It is one of the most remarkable journalistic successes of the day, having an excellent corps of contributors, and a wonderful circulation all over the country. In appearance, size and quality of contents, the paper is a model, and deserves all the credit it has won. It is published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 39 Park Row, New York City.

Mr. Hall C. Burleigh writes from Scotland, under date of July 31, that up to that date he had purchased eighty-three Herefords and seventeen Angus Polled Cattle. Of the latter, he has one bull less than two years old, that weighs over twenty-one hundred pounds. This breed of cattle is now very scarce in Scotland, and prices per head range from one to two hundred guineas. Mr. Burleigh thought he might ship his animals about the twentieth of this month, consequently they may be expected to arrive early in September.

We have a supply of the Report of the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, which we shall be glad to furnish to such of our patrons as may call for it. Those residing at a distance can be supplied on application to Secretary Gilbert, at Augusta.

The Breeder's *Gazette* continues to improve as it grows older, and already takes high rank among the stock journals of the country. Its articles are all ably written and its illustrations of animals first class in every respect. It is published by J. H. Sanders & Co., at Chicago, at three dollars a year.

Mr. Turner, of the city farm, sends us an egg laid by a common fowl, that measures 6¼x9⅝ inches, a very creditable effort for a bird of no pretentions to blood or breed.

Correspondents' Notes and Queries.

Last week you published a statement from me that the army worm, which was working on a field of oats, had suddenly disappeared, in consequence, it was supposed, of running a mowing machine two or three times round the field. Unfortunately this proved to be a mistake. The oats were the White Russian, five feet high, large heads, very large stalks, but later in ripening than other kinds. The pest again appeared and the oats were cut, about three-fourths having been destroyed. A portion was nearly ripe and these were not touched. Adjoining the White Russian was a large field of Excelsior—these were nearly ripe except under some apple trees. The worms took every head of the green oats, under the apple trees, but did not meddle with the rest. Two other fields, Hogan and Excelsior, about a third of a mile distant, were not touched by the worm. In looking for borers in the apple trees, the worms were found about an inch under ground.

I have had very few blossoms this summer on my perpetual roses. Upon examination I find a small insect which inserts itself at the joints of the branches, cutting them off all but the bark, and then the branch with its buds drops off. It is a small, green worm. G.
Oaklands.

More than an average crop of hay has been secured in good condition. Early sowed grain has yielded well, and early potatoes. Late oats are poor and so are late potatoes. Corn is suffering for rain and the crop will be light. Striped bugs destroyed nearly all the squash and pumpkin vines. Apples are small and not very plenty. Pears and grapes, ditto. Beets are looking fair, but most of vegetables are stunted. Pasturage is poor. Cheese factory receives about twelve hundred pounds of milk per day. JOHN BODGE.
Jefferson.

Can you tell us through the columns of the FARMER, what the enclosed is? We received it in some winter wheat from out West. D. B. D.
East Corinth.

It is a chess; also called cheat, and if allowed to spread, becomes a great nuisance.

To keep borers from apple trees, remove the earth around the tree three or four inches down to the roots; clean off the rough bark and fill with fine gravel, size from pigeon shot to a filbert. Have tried it five years, on trees that had borers before and have none since; never found anything that would do it before. C. MARBLE.
Skowhegan.

M. B. Hersey has in his cellar last year's apples, perfectly sound. They are a Minnesota variety, name not known, a large red striped apple. Some call them the Wallbridge. We have had till within a month, the Golden Russet and natural fruit in plenty. We take no extra care to keep them. M. H. KEITH.
Lincoln Center.

Our cheese factory is doing a good business this season. Its daily receipt of milk is between 2200 and 2300 pounds. Our new operator, A. W. Smith of Dixfield, was highly recommended to us as being a first-class cheese maker, and we trust and hope that his make of cheese will prove superior to that we have had in years past.
Union. N. THURSTON.

My horse has had a bad cough for over a year. I have tried different remedies, but have found nothing that would cure it. Will some one tell me through the columns of the FARMER, how it can be cured, and oblige A READER.
Cooper.

We shall ensilage about 75 tons of corn this year. We have 3½ acres planted to mammoth corn and it is very stout. Would like to know the kind of machine most commonly used for cutting. S. W. WALKER.
Anson.

The fiftieth anniversary Cattle Show and Fair of the East Somerset Agricultural Society, will be held at Hartland, September 1th and 13th, 1882. J. FINSON, Sec.
St. Albans.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from California.

I am often asked by letter, and in other ways, what we have and what we don't have here in California. I will just take this county of Santa Cruz, for in this long Pacific coast state, there is as much difference in the localities of maturing fruits and vegetables as between Maine and the Middle States. While some sections are early, others are late; some have abundant crops, others none; some have insect plagues, while others are free. All counties have their outs, and I am not intending to give the outs and ins at this writing; and as to fruits and vegetables will take from June 15th to July 15th. We have ripe potatoes, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, cherries, peaches, apricots, apples, green peas, string beans, cucumbers, squashes, beets, carrots, onions lettuce, turnips, cabbage, cauliflower, green corn. Good weather, not very hot days, with cool nights. Just wind enough in the middle of the day to keep the windmill moving so as to pump water enough to irrigate the blackberries and other uses. We have hay or grain down, no fear that it will get wet with anything more than a dew. With all the above we ought to have thankful hearts and clear consciences. What we don't have: Mosquitoes, black flies, minges or midgets, fleas, except those that are large enough for fish bait, caterpillars, army or canker worm, borers in the apple-trees, horse or moose flies, grasshoppers, locusts, no thunder storms, no heavy rains, no whirlwinds or cyclones, no wormy apples, no yellow cucumber bugs or Colorado beetles—but as an offset for apple worms we have worms in the ears of corn which are a great pest; in the sweet corn in the garden there sometimes may be found from one to five worms on an ear; the eggs are dropped into the silk, and by the time it is full of the milk some ears have worms that have eaten a strip the whole length. Usually in field corn they are only on the top of the ear, not one in a hundred but has the worms; instead of the cucumber bug we have a green bug with little yellow checks, about a third larger than the former, this is on nearly everything—blackberries, potatoes, squashes, and lots of them on or in the corn silk and roses. We also have a weevil in the ripe pea. I purchased a small lot of very handsome, plump, large peas both for seed and cooking; when those for cooking were soaked we discovered that nearly every pea had a black bug just under the skin that had eaten a large place in the pea so, we had to give our dinner to the pigs. This weevil is larger than a black flea on the fishing grounds of Maine. The wheat crop is the best in this county it has been but one for ten years. In this State the scale bug does great damage to fruit trees, it is what we in Maine call the bark louse or aphis. The wooly aphis is also destroying orchards, and we have in some parts of the county a little of both. I will send you a paper with the green squash bug enclosed.

SEWARD DILL.
Soquel, Cal., August 3.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Wealth of the Sea.

A vast number of men have found remunerative employment from time almost immemorial, in the whale, seal, cod, mackerel and smaller fisheries. The porgie fishing business is of recent date, and entered into for the purpose of obtaining the oil. But it was soon found that after extracting the oil, the chum was valuable as a fertilizer and food for animals. Since then the business of canning has sprung up, and our coast is now dotted with lobster, sardine and other canning factories and as yet but little effort has been made to utilize the chum, but it is yet generally thrown back into the sea, although when used, it has proved an excellent fertilizer.

Over sixty bushels of wheat was harvested, a few years since, from an acre and was the premium crop of the State. I was at Southwest Harbor a few days since and the man where I stopped told me his son came home to stop one season, broke up a piece of ground and from the lobster canning factory of that place, manured it solely with the chum; and raised a fine crop—some two or three hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre. Yet most of the chum at that factory is boated off and dropped into the sea on account of its offensive smell and the difficulty of getting it into the country.

It is well known that fish and fish chum constitute the most valuable part of the superphosphates for which the farmers of State pay annually hundreds of thousands of dollars. My purpose in taking up this subject at this time, is to call attention of those interested in the question of supply of plant food, through the FARMER, to a scourge (as yet undeveloped) that would almost supersede the necessity of using phosphates. It is well known that most of the leavings of all the fish caught is thrown into the sea, which, if it could be saved and used to fertilize our land, would be an important addition to our plant food, if carried into the country and mixed with our muck beds, I believe it would double the supply of plant food.

But here comes the question—how can it be saved? Fishing vessels at present have no room to keep it; besides, fishermen are glad to clear the vessel of it as soon as possible; at any rate, fishing vessels would have to be of large size, or vessels provided to go among the fishing vessels and collect the waste. And then it would have to be barreled up and salted. Barrels of a cheap description would answer this purpose; fish or pork barrels once used would be sufficient. Now comes the all important question—Will it pay? I have little doubt but this vast source of food for growing plants will be utilized, though not in my day.

I have been induced to call attention to it, hoping some one will devise a plan by which such a source of wealth may be saved. Another, as yet but partially developed source of the wealth of the sea, is the large beds of muscle and sea mud with which our coast abounds, as well as the sea weeds strewed all along our coast. If all these sources of wealth could be developed Maine might have food to supply all her people, and some for export.

Hampden. DAVID BROWN.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Grange.

Waldo County Council, P. of H., met with Morning Light Grange, Monroe, Aug. 15, and enjoyed a very fine session. The day was all that could be desired, and a large number of the twenty-one Granges of the county were represented. W. M. Charles Bellows presided with usual ability and acceptance. W. O. Daniel O. Bowen and W. Sec. Frohack, were present, and W. Sec. Joseph Gordon at his post. After opening exercises and music, reports from Granges showed the order to be in a very thriving condition in the county. Sister Durham of the Morning Light Grange, gave a well considered essay on "Why the Boys leave the Farm." This was followed by an able discussion. Noon recess—a basket picnic with excellent tea and coffee furnished by Morning Light Grange. Afternoon session was occupied by discussion of topic "Building and Repair of Roads," opened by Br. Drake and ably followed by others. Points brought out—present system is defective, there is increase of mileage of road and decrease of men and teams, surveyors are often incompetent, delinquent, and sometimes dishonest, the scraping in of loam and sods to repair roads is unwise, gravel and drainage are important things in road making. Then followed a recitation, "Over the Hill to the Poor House" by Sister Lang, and response, "Over the Hill from the Poor House" by Br. Frank Doliff, which together elicited a vote of thanks. Then the Sisters' topic, "Resolved, the farmer's house is not as well supplied with labor saving implements as his farm," opened by Sister Bellows and Sister Lang. The subject was ably handled by all who followed. It was voted with but one dissenting vote to change to a county Grange and measures were taken by appointing the State and county Deputies and W. Master Charles Bellows, a committee to carry out preliminaries, and consummate same at our next meeting, Sept. 19th, at Silver Harvest Grange, Waldo. The leading subject for next meeting will be "The Relation of the Common School to the Farmer," opened by Sister Gracie Bowen. Passing vote of thanks Council adjourned. J. W. L.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Turf, Field and Farm. A cheap lot of manure may be made of an old carcass of a horse or cow, etc., which is often drawn away to the woods, to pollute the atmosphere. Do not do this, but put down four or five loads of muck or sod, roll the carcass over it, and sprinkle it over with quick-lime, covering over immediately with sod or mold sufficient to make, with that already beneath, twenty good-sized wagon loads, and you will have $25 worth of the best of fertilizers in less than a year, and no fears need be felt in applying to any crop. One beauty of this plan is, the animals need not be moved far away, there not being the least stench. All animals which you are unfortunate enough to lose, can be utilized in this way, and be made to go a great way towards replacing them. Smaller animals, such as sheep, calves, dogs and cats, can be treated in the same manner, with about the average amount of sod or muck proportionate to their size. When possible, place three or four in one pile, as the labor of covering would be proportionately less; but it is not much work to make a heap of any animal, however large or small.

The vast consumption of lumber in this country, and the consequent rapid depletion of the supply of timber, gives great interest to a process, now in successful operation, of making lumber from wheat straw. Boards an inch thick are manufactured, which can be colored to resemble accurately any real lumber. It is said to be cheaper and more durable than natural wood, and will hold as well. It may be finished with varnish or paint, and is susceptible of a high polish; it is water and practically fire proof, being manufactured under five hundred degrees of heat, and is said to have been boiled for successive hours without any apparent change of structure. Its tensile strength is greater than that of walnut or oak, and its weight about one fifth greater than the former when dry. Two thousand square feet of this material can be manufactured from a ton of straw.

Germantown Telegraph. How many people who possess plenty of room in their gardens, or ought to have plenty, deprive themselves of some of our choicest vegetables a large portion of the time by merely neglecting to take advantage of the season to prepare a few small beds and sow the seeds? If you go into their gardens and on looking around and seeing, at the latter end of September, no Lettuce or Radishes growing, and ask where they are the reply is, "We never raise them at this time of the year; we don't know what they would do," &c. The fact is, Lettuce can now be sown with certainty in drills, to head late in autumn; and if transplanted into cold frames, we can have heads at Christmas and generally through the winter. The China and Spanish Radish should be sown now for winter use, and bury in small pits as we do beets.

N. Y. Tribune: There is a savings bank for the surplus dollars of farmers that will give a better interest than 3 per cent. It is investment in drain tile. The Western people are finding it out, and the yield of wheat in the Ohio Valley is increasing in consequence. Agriculturists who have tried it say that they can plant their corn earlier; it is not so liable to rot in the hill; drouth does much less injury; the crop is so far advanced before chinch bugs and other insects appear that it resists their destructive ravages. The yield is twenty, forty, sometimes sixty per cent. greater. Secretary W. L. Chamberlain, of the Ohio Board, says he has seen land improved by drainage to such an extent that the first subsequent crop was so much greater than the average that the surplus more than paid the whole cost of tile and putting it down.

New York Tribune: Probably most readers with boys and girls of thirteen or fourteen or less have allowed them each a little plot of ground to be farmed or gardened after their own choice. They should be encouraged with advice, but with no insisting upon their taking it. They will make mistakes, as older people do, in untried paths, but they gain even by these if they see how to do better next time and have cheer enough to try again. The first needful lesson is that of waiting for the results of labor. Patience must be practiced by all who would raise plants to sell their produce, or would keep bees or poultry. Often hard work must be done a full year before its return comes in, and unless that is faithfully, fully and rightfully performed there will be little or nothing to show for it.

Breeders should aim to make the most valuable animals for the butcher at the earliest age practicable. Old animals by heavy feeding, can be made of enormous weight quickly. But early development is what is wanted. The best beef is young beef, reaching its greatest point of superiority at from two to three years. The same is true of sheep and swine. A wether, for the best mutton, should be in the market at two years. As a general rule a 250 pound pig is better in quality than a hog weighing 500. The point of appreciation of quickly maturing animals is being reached, though somewhat gradually, and it remains to improve the various breeds, especial care being used to select animals to breed from that come to maturity at an early age.

The old plan of deodorizing stables, pens, etc., by the use of common gypsum, we see revived as if it were a new discovery; when in fact it was practiced by intelligent farmers fully fifty years ago. Still that is in its favor, but it would have been still better if it had been steadily increasing instead of standing still as it appears to have been doing. In this application there is everything to gain, and nothing lost, inasmuch as the plaster itself is a valuable fertilizer, and it operates in the stables, etc., in retaining ammonia and adding decidedly to the value of the manure. It ought, therefore, to be far more generally used than it is, and will be wherever its merits is fully understood.

Correspondent New England Farmer: "Many old fields are of late years being rescued by turning over after haying, harrowing down and having some fertilizer, either barn-yard, compost or chemical, applied to their surface and worked in, and a liberal seeding of grass seed." Another New England farmer writes: "Many fields are re-seeded by merely harrowing the stubble immediately after the hay has been taken off, doing the work very thoroughly with a sharp-toothed harrow and then sowing the seed for grass, horrowing lightly over the seed to cover it and following with a roller to make all smooth. A top dressing of manure will be a wonderful help."

A writer points out that in a wire fence the farmer possesses ready-made the most important part of a telephone. It only needs for some scientific person to invent a portable galvanic apparatus, which might be carried in the pocket without danger of breakage, and there you are. All the farmer would have to do would be to affix his instrument to the wire, ring up his wife, enquire whether the dinner was ready, and then if he got no answer he could leave work in order to find out what was the matter. A large bell, however, is as good a telephone as the farmer is likely to enjoy for many a year.

Fruit Recorder. Mrs. D. C. Joscelyn, Kansas, recommends the following way to put up sweet corn for winter use as giving very much better results than canning or drying: "Take the corn when just in the milk; scald it just enough to set the milk; cut it off and pack it in a stone jar with a layer of corn and a layer of salt; one pint of salt to a gallon of corn in layers alternately; fill the jar and weight it down, and cover to keep out dirt, flies, etc., and when one wants to use it, freshen it and season to taste. I like butter and cream."

The Grange has had the effect to make farmers bestow more thought upon their vocation, and to become better informed, and the old aphorism that "attrition of mind with mind makes bright," holds true. The Grange furnishes the farmers an opportunity to exchange experience, which is one of the main objects of the Order, and every farmer who connects himself with the Order with the view to benefit and be benefitted in this way will find the advantages apparent.

To exterminate the cut-worm make three or four holes in the soil, from four to six inches deep, with a dibble, or planting stick. If the sides of those holes are made smooth, and the worm, whose movements are very sluggish, falls into them, he cannot get out and will perish. If a bundle of clover and grass an inch or so thick is placed near the young plants, it will be occupied by the worm as a harbor, without going under ground. Visit these every morning and remove the culprit.

Stock Notes.

Toronto Globe: Prof. Brown, of the Ontario Agricultural College, has issued an advance report of experiments conducted by him in the feeding of cattle. The points brought out are of great practical importance, and we will take care that the farmer readers of *The Weekly Globe* shall have the benefit of them. The result of one long experiment is to prove that with corn, oats, and peas at their usual ordinary price of one cent per pound each, corn is the cheapest food, peas next, and oats third, in the following ratios: In finishing three steers, giving each of them an equal quantity of one of the three grains, the cost would be: Corn, $20.75; peas, $22.50; oats, $25.10. This illustrates the absurdity of compelling our farmers to feed their own expensive coarse grains rather than allowing them to sell their peas and oats and buy corn with the money.

The following is a description of a good Leicester buck: The head should be hornless; the eyes prominent, but with a quiet expression; the ears thin, long, and directed backward; the neck full and broad at the base, and gradually tapering to the head; the breast full and broad; the shoulders broad and round; the arms fleshy through its whole extent, and even down to the knees; the bones of the leg small, standing wide apart; no looseness of skin about them, and comparatively bare of wool; the quarters long and full; the thighs wide and full; the legs of a moderate length; the pelt moderately thin, but soft and elastic, and covered with a good quantity of white wool, not so long as in some breeds, but considerably finer.

The North British Agriculturist, in answer to a question as to why ewes in good condition get cotted in the wool, answers as follows: "Ewes in fair condition may have cotted fleeces, but this close felted state tells that at some period of the previous year, readily approximated by examination of the wool, the animal was in an indifferent state of health, and the wool bulbs accordingly produced an abnormal growth. A dry scorching summer and want of water, an unusually wet cold winter, and scarcity of proper food; attacks of scab; the exhaustion of nursing on poor provender a pair of strong lambs, tell upon the general health of the animal, or more especially on the health of the skin, leading to the faulty fleece."

Much discussion has been had recently on the causes of high prices for beef, and on the probable future rates. From 1876 to 1879, there was a decline of prices for beef amounting to 20 per cent. In the next three years the rise was more than 40 per cent. Since January last the rise has been still greater, the range in January in Chicago being from $5.80 to $6.35, and in June from $8.65 to $8.00, exceeding 45 per cent. in six months. High prices always stimulate production and diminish consumption. It is generally conceded that the beef supply is not keeping pace with the demand, but it is also maintained that the tendency is toward lower prices, especially in coarse cattle. Fair prices for beef will be maintained.

The recent offer of the Massachusetts society for the promotion of agriculture to furnish at a merely nominal price, rams of improved breeds to farmers in the State interested in sheep husbandry, brought out a great many applications from all parts of the Commonwealth. As a result the society will import about forty rams of different breeds, which cannot fail to have considerable influence in improving the flocks. This may also lead to a renewed interest in the sheep business. It will also promote a desire for improvement among sheep owners that cannot fail to be of great benefit.

A great horse fair will be held at Chicago, Sept. 16, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23. There are two four-year-old events, one three and one two-year-old class. Farce, doubtless, will join issue with Bronze, Jay-eye-see and Waiting, but Phil. Thompson is now sick at Buffalo, and will not be strong enough to trot. The entries to the purses will close Monday, Aug. 28. In the exhibition ring, horses of all classes—thoroughbreds, roadsters, saddlers and draft—will be offered liberal premiums, and we may expect the competition to be earnest. The Chicago horse fair is a movement in the right direction.

Woman's Department.

For the Woman's Department.

The Voice in the Twilight.

I was sitting alone in the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed;
Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,—
Some stitches half wearily setting
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried,
Where only the gold and silver
And the precious stones should abide.
And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And even when trying most truly,
The meagre success I had won.

"It is nothing but wood, hay and stubble,"
I said; it will all be burned,—
This useless fruit of the talents,
One day to be returned.
I have so longed to serve him;
And sometimes I know I have tried,
But I'm sure, when He sees such building,
He will never let it abide.

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patchwork combined;
My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes
With one of those sweet intuitions,
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child! she wanted to help me;
I knew 'twas the best she could do,
But oh! what a botch she had made it—
The gray mismatching the blue.
And yet, can you understand it?
With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half-compassionate yearning,
I felt her grow more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me:
"Art thou tenderer for the little child,
Than I am tender for thee?"
Then straightway I knew His meaning,
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its refuge,
Like the glad returning dove.

So I thought when the Master Builder
Comes down, this temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended,
And what must be builded anew,
Perhaps, as He looks o'er the building,
And brings my work to the light,
And seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it all is from right—

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say, as I said for her,
Dear child! she wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur.
And, for the real love that is in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine;
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit Divine.

And there in the deepening twilight,
I seemed to be clasping a hand,
And to feel a great love constraining me,
Stronger than any command.
Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness,
'Twas the hand of the Blessed one,
Which would tenderly guide and hold me,
Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are never more gloomy,
My faith is no longer dim;
But my heart is strong and restful,
And mine eyes are unto Him.

Intemperance.

One of the greatest evils of the present day is intemperance. Strong and active measures have been taken to drive this curse of society from our land. Laws have been passed prohibiting all selling of intoxicatng liquors, but, in spite of all this, there are about us melancholy examples of its power. Young men, intelligent, capable, and industrious, have been lured by false friends and associates to take a glass of wine, and they, not having the stability to refuse, have taken one and then another, and so on until suddenly they awake to the fact that the thirst for liquor has become their master; that it is dragging them down to end only in a drunkard's grave. A wasted life, a broken down constitution, loss of friends, the reproaches of your relatives, in short the wreck of body and soul; these are all the consequences of intemperance.

In high life the appetite for strong drink is commenced by drinking wine at social entertainments; they are encouraged in this by all; "there can be no harm in drinking wine," they say, not thinking that this is only the stepping stone to taking something stronger. Boys that have been the pride and idol of fond parents' hearts have acquired the habit of drinking wine, and soon with their friends drop into a saloon and spend their evenings, stopping out later each evening. They gradually lose all interest in the pursuit of knowledge, or anything else that may lead to future benefit, and sink deeper and deeper in the pleasures of the wine cup. It is then that their parents see the great responsibility which they have treated so lightly, the responsibility of teaching those whom they are placed in authority over to shun all that which intoxicates, and, on no occasion, to yield to the persuasions of those whom they may consider their friends, and taste of that which degrades the mind and body. The habitual drunkard is shunned, looked down upon and despised; even his children, if he has any, are made to understand that they are not as other children; their father is a drunkard and everybody strives to make them remember it. His home goes to ruin; the weeds grow up in the garden, the fences are broken down, the windows are broken out, the children are poorly clothed, while the husband and father, whose duty it is to watch over and care for his wife and children, is, instead, a slave to strong drink. The kindest men have been transformed into brutes while under the influence of alcohol; the greatest genius clouded and dimmed. Even the respect which they owe to their parents leave them.

But though a man be ever so degraded, he is not so bad as the rumseller, the man, who, for mere gain, will cause the ruin of a man's intellectual as well as moral standing, and curse him for all time if not for eternity. How many broken hearts and ruined lives will these same rumsellers have to answer for? Thinking of all the misery caused by strong drink, of the shattered lives and desolate homes, we should strive to abstain from all that which intoxicates. M. A. M.
N. Hancock.

Temperance.

Beg pardon, Mr. Editor, for coming again so soon with the same subject, but after reading what M. S. L. said last week about there not being enough said on this subject, I thought to myself, "I must write again." The subject of temperance is truly inexhaustible. There is always something left to be said and something new to be told. The thought in my mind to day is the influence over the young and the examples set before them. "Lift up the fallen" is a good motto, and we are always ready and willing to try to do so whenever we have that opportunity, but how often our efforts to reform are fruitless.

Occasionally a very strong minded man, though he may have been a drunkard for years, can sign the pledge and keep it, but such ones are so few we often despair at the word "reform." But take the young minds, bring them up to abhor this evil; teach them it is their deadliest foe, and when they are matured I do not believe they can be easily led to tamper with strong drink. We hear the expression in many instances, "It is the way he was brought up." I believe it. I saw a fashionable father and mother partaking of the sparkling wine which, to persons not knowing the demon that lurks at the bottom of the cup, would look really tempting. As the waiter attempted to pour a glass for the little son who sat at the table, the mother said hastily, "Oh! no, no, I don't allow Charlie to take wine, I'm afraid he will become too fond of it." Oh! blind mother! To whom does or ought this child look for an example but to you? You can keep it from him now, but you cannot always. Could you but look ahead into the probable future, you would teach that child that it is a poison, as poisonous for father and mother as for child. Bring him up in the fear of anything which can intoxicate, then in after years if he should fall he could not say, "Mother, you led the way, you taught me to drink."

E. Surry. LILLIAN.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, August 24, 1882.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG will call upon our subscribers in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia during August and September, Mr. Kellogg takes Mr. Clark's place as one of our travelling agents.

MR. C. S. AYER will call upon our subscribers in Somerset County during August.

MR. A. H. TABER will call upon our subscribers in Hancock county, during September.

Caution.

One C. G. REED claims to be an agent for the FARMER, in Aroostook county, and is collecting money from our subscribers. We have no such agent in Aroostook, or elsewhere, and notify our subscribers not to pay him any money, on account of the FARMER.

Aug. 14, 1882. BADGER & MANLEY.

"Woman's Work is Never Done."

A paper in a recent number of the *North American Review*, by Mr. Charles Elliott, on the present and future condition and position of working women, has deservedly received sharp rebuke and criticism. Mr. Elliott must have had an exceedingly strange experience, and his lines could not have been "cast in pleasant places." In his article, he declares that "no queen works, no chieftain's wife works, no trader's wife works, no *lady* works, or wishes to work, or expects to work." The only queens we recognize in this country are the queens of the household, whose happy realm is the domestic circle. Do not these queens work? Is there no work in managing the intricate affairs of a household? This "queen" may have wealth, and all the resources that money can bring, but this increases real work, rather than diminishes it. The luxuries of a home of wealth have brought with them duties which our grandmothers in their primitive and rude simplicity knew nothing at all about. We will acknowledge that a great deal of this is useless, but it is *work*, nevertheless. The proposition of Mr. Elliott that "no *lady* works," is an insult to the active and progressive women of the land. The only excuse he can have for the statement must be his profound ignorance of what constitutes a *lady*. To our mind, a lady is not a butterfly of fashion,—a pretty singing bird to put in a glass cage and hang up in an elegant boudoir,—an expressionless and animated figure on which to display the milliner's and mantua-maker's art, whose thoughts run in the dreary and well worn channel of dress and show and laudation of "our set." Our conception of a true lady may be found illustrated in thousands of homes where sweet-minded, graceful and cultured women are performing true work which is almost boundless in its extent and influence. They may not be handling the shovel, the hoe, the rake, or weaving cloth, as our grandmothers did, nor making garments for their husbands as they did in the days when Abraham sat at the door of his tent, content to let the women folks do the work. In the economy of modern civilization it has been found more expedient to spin and weave by steam power in large factories, and to make the garments of men in great shops, where there can be systematic division of labor. But it by no means follows that woman's work in the household is any the less, either in amount or importance. It is to the true lady that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort; one soothing touch of the kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of the sorrowing sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting-room, and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he gives himself up in a moment to the soothing influences which act as the Balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits, that are wearied with the stern realities of life. The rough school boy flies in rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one full of grief for his own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so we might go on with instance after instance of the influence of a true woman. And we will tell Mr. Elliott that all these things require the putting forth of mighty energies.

Further, from the tenor of Mr. Elliott's article, we should judge that there is hardly a decent avenue of occupation open to women. On the other hand, the avenues are so many that during the depressed period in business, there were two idle men to one idle woman. Indeed, this fact was so noticeable that the complaint was often heard that women's cheap labor was crowding out the more expensive labor of the men. The factory, the printing office, the store, the exchange, the platform and the pulpit, are occupied by women. Indeed woman's deft hand and active brain are utilized in nearly every department of life. But we see trouble in these activities. There is something in this world beside money making, and the bounding at once into high positions. In the popular occupations which woman has sought there is too much of a drawing away from home life and home influences. Mercantile and business life, occupations in the shop and factory, may be at first more tempting and profitable, but to the women of our land must we look for the preservation of the home and family. Better neglect all things else than these; for when these crumble, civilization ceases, and we begin a march backward into the dark ages. There is a strange unwillingness on the part of the girls of our day to perform domestic labor. Work in the household, and the performance of duties necessary to home life, are regarded as drudgery, or looked upon as absolutely disgraceful. Everywhere comes up the demand for women who know how to cook and to do other housework. And mothers can do no better, in rounding out the education of their girls, than initiating them into the mysteries of the kitchen. The future homes of the people, the peace and tranquility of the domestic circle, and the characters of the children yet to be born, depend more upon this common sense training of our girls, than upon the finely-spun theories of all æsthetic schools of nonsense in this or in any other country.

Since the conflagrations at Fairfield and Gardiner, we notice that towns are spunking up considerably about a proper preparation to meet the fire fiend. Should they act in season, they will not repeat the folly of locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen. Hand engines are very desirable in certain localities, and are better than nothing. But any village with a population of a thousand can afford a steamer; or in other words, they cannot afford to do without one. But in purchasing steamers, how often the water supply is ignored. It will not do to depend upon the river or upon wells; the former is often hard to reach, and the latter are too soon exhausted. Money spent in building reservoirs of liberal capacity is better than money spent in paying the town debt.

The Veterans' Reunion.

The city of Calais was overrun with veterans of the war, last week. On Thursday some 15,000 persons were in the city. Early in the forenoon Chandler's Band gave an open air concert. At nine o'clock the business meetings were held. The 6th Maine Regiment Association elected A. B. Sumner, President; Wm. H. Cushing, Wm. Lincoln, B. M. Flint, Vice Presidents; Alex. M. Robbins, Secretary; E. F. Sanger, Treasurer. The Massachusetts Veteran Association elected Wm. Gillespie, President, and four Vice Presidents; S. C. Small, Secretary; E. S. Simpson, Treasurer. Promptly on time the procession was formed and marched through the principal streets, the Frontier Guards, Capt. Nutt, of Eastport, acting as escort. The Grand Army Posts from Calais, Eastport, Pembroke, Machias and Danforth, were well represented. The fire companies from Calais and St. Stephen, and the city and town governments of the two places, and the Massachusetts Veteran Association with invited guests, completed the procession. The music was furnished by the Maplewood and Chandler's Bands and the drum and fife corps from St. John, N. B. This part of the programme was carried out by Marshal Balcolm and his efficient aids. The dinner was served in a large tent on Main street and the tables were set for 1000 guests. The hospitality of the citizens of Calais was brought to a climax on this occasion. The tables were literally loaded with the richest and choicest viands and artificially decorated with the freshest flowers, while the guests were served by the ladies of Calais. Speeches followed, Hon. C. B. Rounds presiding in an admirable manner. Mayor Boardman's address of welcome was able and cordial. Mr. S. C. Small of Boston gave the oration. It was an outspoken discussion of the subjects that are important to the citizen soldier. He claimed that to be a good citizen was more than to be a good soldier, although an honorable performance of a soldier's duties qualified one for becoming a good citizen. Among other things he advocated universal amnesty and universal suffrage regardless of sex, the prohibition of the liquor traffic, compulsory education and a just system of settling the difficulties existing between labor and capital. The poem by Adjutant J. T. Woodward, formerly of Sidney, was an exquisite literary production and was well read, although he was somewhat interrupted by the thunder shower. The old flags of the 6th Regiment were then brought forward and received with cheers. Many of the best families in Calais were represented in this regiment, and as so many of those who enlisted were killed at the front the sight of those torn and soiled flags brought tears to many eyes. Dr. Sanger and Sargeant Bowles spoke for the regiment and Hon. F. A. Pike was called upon to respond to a sentiment. He declined to make his speech prepared for the occasion. As these flags given by the ladies of Washington County were presented to the regiment by him they awakened sad memories and feelings which he eloquently expressed. Capt. Boutelle of Bangor, was warmly received and made a ringing speech, and when he proposed to stop, the audience cheered and cried "go on." He gave reasons why these reunions should be held. He had no bitter feelings toward those who were in rebellion, but believed that every soldier should insist on continuing to maintain the principles for which they fought. They will not forget these. The justice of liberal appropriations for pensions was urged, and shown to be of much greater importance than digging out alligator creeks in the South. George A. Patch, Commander of the Department of the Grand Army, of Massachusetts, spoke for his State and comrades. His speech was well received. Col. Robie gracefully apologized for the absence of Gov. Plaisted, and made an earnest and sensible speech. Having been introduced as a member of Gov. Washburn's council, he spoke pleasantly of his fairness in the early days of the war in his appointments. He did not confine himself to his own party, and Generals Berry, Jameson and McClusky and Roberts, brave and gallant officers, were taken from the party to which he was politically opposed. At the close of the exercises Gen. Nickerson read a vote of thanks passed by the associations to Mayor Boardman, the City Government, and citizens and ladies of Calais for their generous hospitality. In the evening a grand military and civic ball was given by the Second Maine Cavalry, the 14th, 21st, 23rd and 28th Infantry Association. St. Croix Hall was prettily decorated for the occasion. Nothing occurred to mar the pleasures of this reunion. The citizens of Calais entered heartily into all the arrangements necessary. Their streets and residences were elaborately decorated and even their neighbors on the New Brunswick side of the line co-operated, and on the platform were the Mayors and members of the town councils and also Sir Leonard Tilley, who happened to be in town.

CLASS DISTRICTS. As no representative apportionment was made by the last legislature, the classed towns of Maine will vote this year on the basis of the old apportionment. Manchester, Litchfield and Monmouth, in this county, are classed together. Neither town could agree as to which should furnish the representative for 1883, and referred the matter to Judge Whitehouse of the Superior Court, who gave a hearing, on Thursday, to parties representing the three towns. In deciding the cases he gave it as his opinion that the apportionment of 1871 is still in force. These towns had made an agreement which they had kept. The decade was completed by the election of a representative for 1881-2. Let the parties now return to the point of departure and perform the journey again, observing the order of selection fixed by them for the first decade, upon the assumption that the same appointment *might* continue for a second decade. The election of 1880 closed the decade, and the right to select for that year had been assigned to Monmouth. The fact that in the meantime the system of biennial elections and biennial sessions had been established, ought not to change the result. The order had been carried out as agreed upon, commencing with Litchfield and closing with Monmouth. He therefore advised that the right to select for the next election be conceded to Litchfield. The parties cordially expressed satisfaction at the result, and their purpose to act in accordance with the views of the Judge. We have no doubt other class districts will fall in with this decision, which seems to be the only sensible one.

The presence in the city the other day of Mr. Marcus Wight, representing the extensive and well-known medicine establishment of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., revived the memories of thirty years ago when we knew Mr. Wight as a friend and companion in the pleasant town of Brunswick. We are pleased to know that the character then and there formed for integrity and uprightness, has abided with him, and that the promise of his youth has been realized in his manhood. We congratulate the firm on securing his services in a responsible and highly honorable position. The concern of J. C. Ayer & Co. grows year by year in popular favor, and their medicines have found their way to all parts of the world.

ALL AMERICAN. By the late census we have the gratifying information that the United States produces nearly all the flannels, blankets and carpets we use, nine-tenths of the woolen shawls, fancy cassimeres, suitings, coating and hosiery we wear; two-thirds of the worsted dress goods; four-fifths of all the wool our country needs, and more than four-fifths of all the woolen fabrics worn by our people. Not one American in twenty but is clad from head to foot, out and out—his coat, boots, hat, linen and flannels, his watch, his knife, his pencil, his gloves, his jewelry—each and all are American products.

The grand opening of the Second Annual Exhibition-Fair of the New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute, is announced to take place in their mammoth Exhibition Building, Huntington Avenue, Boston, on Wednesday, September 6. Exhibits from twenty-seven States in the Union, and from three foreign countries, will completely fill the immense building. The genius of the Inventor, and the skill of the Mechanic, will be displayed in a thousand forms. Illuminated water displays, cascades and fountains will add a charm to the busy interior. A grand gala day is expected on the 6th, and a large, enthusiastic attendance is anticipated.

Dea. Solomon E. Hopkins of Whitefield, a benevolent gentleman, has presented to the Maine Baptist Missionary Convention, the meeting house at Cooper's Mills, valued at some $2,500. The church is to be kept in good repair, and used as a house of worship under the watch care of the Convention. The deed of the property was put into the hands of the Rev. Dr. Ricker of this city, this week.

The prospect of consolidating the Maine Central and Eastern, it is said, has been debated. It is probable the lease of the European and North American to the Maine Central will be drawn in a few days.

THE LATE SENATOR HILL. Those who were the nearest to Senator Hill of Georgia, whose death we announced last week, testify to the nobleness of his character and the kindly impulses of his nature. He was by many considered the finest orator in the South. He had an ample voice, which was under good cultivation and control. Its power seemed almost unlimited, and when speaking in his most fiery style he could be heard not merely in every part of the Senate Chamber, but in the neighboring lobbies and committee rooms. Perhaps the only other member of the Senate who had as fine a voice for forensic oratory was Blaine. Hill's manner in debate was aggressive and often overbearing. At times he seemed to forget all the proprieties in the intensity of earnestness. His attack on Mahone will long be remembered for its ferocity of speech and manner. At the same time he was a kind-hearted man, and left his asperities behind him when he retired to the cloak room. Among Senators he was personally very popular.

He was admitted to the bar in 1845, and soon after entered the arena of politics; was a member of the Georgia House of Representatives in 1851, was defeated for Congress as a Whig in 1855 by less than 100 votes, and in 1857 was defeated as the American candidate for Governor by Joseph E. Brown, democrat, by a narrow vote. He was a member of the State Senate in 1859 and '60. When the State Convention to act upon the secession ordinance was called, in 1861, Mr. Hill was chosen a member, and actively resisted the secession measure as long as resistance was practicable. He decided, however, to follow the fortunes of his State, and was elected a delegate to the Provisional Confederate Congress, and was afterwards a Senator from Georgia in that Congress. In May, 1865, he was arrested at his home in La Grange, Georgia, and was confined in Fort Lafayette till July of that year, when he was released on parole. He was elected a Representative to the Forty-fourth Congress, and was re-elected to the Forty-fifth, resigning his seat, however, to take his place in the Senate, to which he had been elected for the full term beginning March 5, 1877. For the past year, however, he has been absent from his seat much of the time, owing to the terrible disease of cancer, which has finally resulted fatally. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and there has been something truly beautiful in the manly and Christian spirit of resignation with which he has awaited the painful and insidious approach of certain death.

IMMIGRATION. Returns of the immigration to the United States during the last fiscal year have been furnished by the bureau of statistics. The number exceeds that of any former year. In all 789,003 immigrants landed at the various ports, an increase of more than one hundred thousand over the previous year. The greatest number from any one country came from Germany, almost exactly a quarter of a million. The Dominion of Canada comes next in order, with a trifle less than one hundred thousand, then England and Wales with eighty-five thousand, Ireland with seventy-six thousand, Sweden with sixty-four thousand, China with thirty-nine thousand, Norway with twenty-nine thousand. No other country contributes so many as twenty thousand. The statistics of occupation are not yet complete, but enough is known to show that, while laborers and farmers are most numerous, a larger percentage than usual was drawn from the skilled artisans and mechanics of Europe. This great immigration is the modern parallel to those waves of invasion and conquest which in earlier times swept across. Europe in successive hordes of Gauls, Germans, Goths, Vandals and Huns. The motive is the same, the pressure of population behind them and the desire to find easier and more comfortable life in a new land, but the form of the migration is different. They come now, not as enemies and destroyers, but as friends, to share and increase our prosperity.

ANOTHER CANDIDATE. William Bartlett, a gentleman bearing a name long honored in the annals of Kennebec county, but who dwells on the virgin soil of the Aroostook, is sending out circulars, announcing himself a candidate for Congress, his platform not being on the gold basis, or the greenback or silver basis, but is purely an original design. He promises if the people will elect him to Congress, to turn over $8,000 to the state treasury for the benefit of the common school fund. If bribery were now a necessary evil, hardly a better plan than this could be devised for conducting it; for the educational fund thus accumulated would sooner or later prove effective in elevating public sentiment above the present practice of tolerating political bribery. But as personal, not public gain, is ordinarily the motive influence with bribe takers, even the rare spectacle of a public spirited bribe-giver will probably fail of appreciation.

THE DIFFERENCE. Why the East should have been burned up with heat while the West, and even the Southwest, should have enjoyed Canadian coolness this summer is a question which would be creditable for the orthodox Probabilities as well as for the unorthodox Vennor to answer. One wise man has explained this by the alleged fact of an unusual accumulation of ice at the North Pole, but he has failed to show why the seaboard should be overheated and the interior alone affected from this cause. Lately, however, the coast has had no occasion to find fault with the lack of coolness. People have been hunting up their fall overcoats, and watching to see if the frost has killed their vines. In most cases, however, the drouth has got ahead of the frost.

THE STATE FAIR. We have information from Supt. Tucker of the Maine Central, that he has made arrangements to run trains from all terminal points during the four days of the State Fair. Passengers can go to the Fair from any station on the road in the morning, and return in the afternoon. This arrangement of trains, which will be announced early, and thoroughly advertised, will be a great accommodation to the people and the Society. A special express train is to leave Bangor on Monday afternoon after arrival of the E. N. A. R'y train from Aroostook, which will take those people directly to the ground. This will induce many to come who may wish to camp on the grounds.

SPORTSMEN'S TOURNAMENT. The annual meeting and tournament of the Maine Sportsmen's Association, which was held in Augusta in 1881, comes off this year in Bangor, September 13th, 14th, 15th and possibly the 16th. There will be four or five matches with tame pigeons, a glass ball contest for gold badge and championship, also gold badge to best average shot at balls and pigeons.

The right of a woman past the age of 21 to marry whom she pleases, has just been vindicated in Missouri. The father of Laura Robbs, aged 27, attempted to hold her to continued service in the paternal home by locking her up in a room when she had made a verbal contract to become the wife of Geo. W. Bishop. A writ of habeas corpus unlocked the door, and the marriage took place in spite of the father's objections.

The gross earnings of the New York Central being nearly $25,000,000 for the last year, it does seem to the impartial observer as if they could afford to give their freight handlers the increase of three cents an hour asked for, especially as these laborers do not average a regular day's work of ten hours.

Oscar Campbell of Plymouth, a lovely and beautiful boy, died recently, after nine weeks of suffering, aged 13 years and 4 months. The parents and friends have the sympathy of the community.

General Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, comes to Maine next week for rest and recreation. He has not visited the State for several years. His visit is a pleasure trip only, and has no political significance.

The Department of the G. A. R. of Maine, have received $581, as their portion of the receipts from tickets on the Maine Central, sold on the occasion of their recent reunion at Lake Maranocook.

John Bright, the British statesman, who has been invited to attend the New England Fair, writes that he has no intention of visiting this country, although it would give him great pleasure.

A correspondent writes: Mr. Thomas Waugh of Starks, caught two and one half inches of water in a two quart pail, in less than twenty minutes, during the shower of August 8th.

STATE POLITICS. The greenbackers of Aroostook met in convention at Fort Fairfield, Wednesday of last week, Joel Bean, Esq., of Maysville, President. The following gentlemen were nominated unanimously: Peter C. Keegan, Van Buren, Senator; Geo. F. Whidden, Presque Isle, Sheriff; T. M. Bradbury, Houlton, Treasurer; B. L. Staples, Houlton, Clerk Courts; Hadley Fairfield, Houlton, Register Deeds; A. W. Madigan, Houlton, County Attorney; J. B. Lindsey, Littleton, and John Nadeau, Frenchville, Commissioners.

The straight greenback county convention held at Belfast, on Saturday, nominated Wm. Clements of Montville, and Joseph Jordan of Thorndike, Senators; Frank W. Gowen of Freedom, County Attorney; Jas. Robinson of Monroe, Clerk of Courts; Jason Gordon of Belfast, Register of Deeds; S. A. Black of Belfast, Sheriff; W. H. J. Moulton of Unity, Commissioner. An address was made by Solon Chase.

The Piscataquis county fusionists met in convention at Dover, Friday, and made the following nominations: Senator, A. S. Wade of Sangerville; Judge of Probate, Edwin Doore of Dover; Sheriff, M. G. Trask of Atkinson; Register of Deeds, D. F. Ayer of Dover; Treasurer, Ira Sutherland of Dover; Commissioners, Henry Hudson of Guilford, James R. Smart of Milo; Attorney, M. K. Durgin of Milo.

The republican county convention of Aroostook have nominated the following officers: Senator, E. E. Parkhurst; Sheriff, L. B. Johnson; Clerk of Courts, Ransom Norton; Commissioners, M. V. B. Hall and John Burnham; Register of Deeds, H. H. Ward; County Attorney, C. P. Alden; County Treasurer, C. D. Merritt.

The republican convention for Somerset county, held at Skowhegan, on Thursday, made the following nominations: Senators, O. S. Haskell, Pittsfield, and Virgil Connor, Fairfield; County Commissioners, A. J. Moore, Hartland, Hiram Moore, Madison; Sheriff, H. S. Nickerson of Pittsfield; Register of Deeds, H. C. Decker of Smithfield; County Attorney, J. O. Bradbury of Hartland; County Treasurer, A. R. Frederick of Norridgewock. Senator Frye and Representative Reed addressed the convention in the afternoon and evening.

A straight greenback convention was held at Rockland, on Friday. John F. Singhi was chairman. The following nominations were made: Senator, H. T. Strout of Washington; Sheriff, J. T. Hawley of Thomaston; Register of Deeds, John S. Lothrop of Rockland; Treasurer, Justus R. Richardson of Rockland; Commissioners, Eben Leighton of Thomaston, and Elisha Norton of Union. Col. J. R. Winston of North Carolina, addressed the convention in the afternoon, and a crowd in front of the Custom House in the evening.

The grand republican mass meeting is to be held at Lake Maranocook, on Wednesday, August 30. The following speakers have been secured: Hon. Jas. G. Blaine, Hon. Eugene Hale, Hon. Warner Miller of New York, Gen. Selden Connor, Hon. Geo. D. Robinson of Mass., Hon. Seth L. Milliken, Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., Hon. Geo. B. Loring, Commissioner of Agriculture; Hon. Thomas B. Reed, Gen. Robt. P. Kennedy of Ohio, Capt. C. A. Boutelle, Gen. John L. Swift of Mass. Speaking will commence at 1 o'clock, P. M. Thirty Brass Bands from various sections of the State, will be present.

On Tuesday, Sept. 5th, a grand democratic and greenback mass meeting will be held at Lake Maranocook. The following speakers are announced: Gov. H. M. Plaisted, Gen. James B. Weaver of Iowa, Hon. H. C. Baldwin of Conn., Hon. A. P. Tanner of Conn., Hon. Clinton Furbish of N. Y., Hon. E. Moody Boynton of Mass., Rev. C. I. Deo of Michigan, Hon. Gilbert De LaMatyr of Indiana.

The Franklin county republican convention met at Phillips, Thursday. They nominated candidates as follows: Senator, P. H. Stubbs; County Commissioners, L. T. Green and F. W. Patterson; Clerk Courts, J. Thompson; County Attorney, J. C. Holman; Sheriff, Z. A. Dyer; Treasurer, D. M. Bonney; Register of Deeds, J. F. Brackett.

Hon. Washington Gilbert of Bath, a member of the fusion State committee, and a year ago the greenback candidate for Congress, has written a letter repudiating the fusion ticket, and stating that he will support the straight greenback ticket and organization. Sewall Goff of Mexico, member of the Oxford greenback county committee, has resigned his place on the committee on account of fusion.

The fusionists opened the campaign at Hallowell, Monday night. E. R. Pierce, of Augusta, made a few remarks, and was followed by Hon. G. De La Martyr, in an elaborate speech.

The fusion county convention for Hancock county, held at Ellsworth, on Tuesday, made the following nominations: Senators, A. P. Currier of Sedgwick, and Calvin Kingman of Waltham; Sheriff, Levi B. Wyman of Ellsworth; Treasurer, Thomas H. Swazey of Bucksport; County Commissioners, Calvin P. Jordan of Ellsworth, and William P. White of Orland; Register of Deeds, Malby Kingman of Mariaville. There were no nominations for attorney, that being left to the committee. The candidates for senators, county commissioners and register of deeds are greenbackers; the sheriff and treasurer are democrats. Governor Plaisted addressed a meeting in the afternoon.

The democratic county convention met in Bangor on Tuesday. James Tobin presided. It was voted inexpedient to nominate a county ticket.

Although election occurs two weeks from Monday, nominations are in order. Several gentlemen met in a room at the Preble House in Portland, on Tuesday, and put the following "Independent" ticket in the field: For Governor, Warren H. Vinton of Gray; For Congressmen, 1st District, James M. Stone of Kennebunk; 2d District, Nelson Dingley Jr., of Lewiston; 3d District, Charles E. Nash of Augusta; 4th District, Daniel Stickney of Presque Isle.

A MAN SHOT AT AND HIS BUILDINGS BURNED. Mr. W. B. Cookson and wife say that a man called at their house in Palmyra, Wednesday night, Aug. 16th, about six o'clock, the man calling himself A. B. Smith, and selling a receipt for making what he called the celebrated Potato Bug Remedy. He stayed all night with Mr. Cookson, and in the morning while Mr. C. and wife were at the barn, it is supposed he stole Mr. Cookson's wallet, containing a small amount of money, from a cupboard.

Cookson followed Smith to Newport and had him searched, but could not find the missing wallet or money about him, but afterwards found the wallet without any money, in a muck hole. He threatened at Newport to take Cookson's life and burn his buildings. Friday, just before twelve o'clock, while Mr. Cookson was mowing oats, he was fired at by some one supposed to be Smith, secreted behind two fallen trees. The bullet struck in a cap on the fence within six or eight inches of Mr. Cookson's head. The grass was trodden down by the fallen trees and from there across the road into a swamp of thick bushes. Saturday night, about nine o'clock, Mr. Cookson's barn was discovered on fire. The barn, house and shed, together with cow, pig, hay, grain, wood, etc., were all burned. Mr. and Mrs. C. say Smith stated while at their house he was all through the city of Gardiner the day of the fire, trying to sell his potato bug destroyer and the people there did not treat him decent. Said they would not let him into their houses, and he tried to get work at the mills but did not care much whether he got work or not, but thought he would try them. He left Gardiner at six o'clock for Augusta, and at seven o'clock the fire broke out. He said they would not have had that fire if they had not treated him as they did. Smith is described as being about five feet nine inches, and weighs about one hundred sixty-five pounds. He is a dangerous fellow and is at large.

A NOVEL QUESTION. A novel question relative to the right of the selectmen of a town to make erasures in pauper records for a valuable consideration is being considered by the selectmen of Woolwich in the celebrated Leeman estate case. From the Woolwich records it appears Edwin Leeman from May 27, 1836, to March 26, 1847, was maintained at public expense by his brother Samuel and others, the custom of Woolwich being to have paupers maintained by the lowest bidders. In 1848 Leeman left Woolwich and died in Boston Jan. 27, 1881, leaving an estate of $14,600. By decree of the Massachusetts court the widow was appointed administratrix and she made application to have the pauper record erased for an agreed amount. As the town has no remedy against the estate the proposition will probably be accepted.

Dr. Costello's Hair Reviver, which is advertised in our columns, has stood the test of time, and while it is perfectly harmless in its effects, it is efficacious and swift to operate. Many of the so called hair restoratives are alarmingly disastrous in their effects, and have justly become unpopular. But this is a home preparation, made of ingredients which Prof. Daniels is happy to show any one. This medicine is found on the shelves of all respectable druggists.

MAINE AGRICULTURAL NEWS. Mr. Moses A. Getchell, a well-known enterprising Winslow farmer, hands the Waterville *Mail* a very handsome specimen of winter wheat, which he has just harvested, and of which he has raised 37 1-2 bushels from an acre and sixty-three rods of land. He states that for four years he has bought no flour, having raised his own wheat, of which he has never failed to harvest a good crop. He suggests that Maine farmers would find it profitable to turn their attention to wheat growing, especially as the average yield in Maine is larger than in most of the famous wheat growing States.——A young lady in Sidney, Miss Josie H. Field, who, by the way, is a first rate teacher, has for five years done the mowing on forty acres of grass land.——The Show and Fair of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society will be held on their grounds at Waterville, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 19th, 20th, and 21st—about a fortnight earlier than usual, and one week before the State Fair. An attraction at the coming exhibition will be the large lot of horses of various ages, which Mr. C. H. Nelson promises to put on exhibition,—40 or 50 at least of the stock he is raising, and offering to others facilities for raising. Mr. Nelson has a large number of very fine horses, at his stock farm—the well known Lewis farm, a mile out of Waterville village. They will add greatly to the show.——Mystic Grange of Belmont has lately received direct from the West a supply of corn, flour and grain for its members. This organization is in a very prosperous condition, and the store is doing a large business.——Among the entries already made for the State Fair, are—Oxford Downs, by N. R. Boutelle, Waterville, and Pulling Steers, by A. J. Libby, West Waterville.——The juniper swamps in Medford and vicinity present a dismal appearance, the tops of them being entirely stripped of their foliage by a small green worm.——Charles A. Stevens of Winn, Tuesday, lost a cow, dying from the same cause as four others that have been pastured in a field below the tannery on the Penobscot river. It is thought some poisonous liquor has been drank, that came from the tannery, causing their death.——The Grangers of Somerset County propose to hold a grand basket picnic at Hayden Lake, on Friday, August 25th. Worthy State Master, Frederic Robie, will be present and deliver an address at 2 o'clock, P. M. Good music will be forthcoming, and the facilities for pleasure at this beautiful lake are unsurpassed.——Quite a number of pieces of grain at Dennysville have been cut for fodder to save it from the ravages of the army worm.——The Cattle Show and Fair of the Washington County Agricultural Society will be held at Pembroke on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27 and 28.——North Waldo Agricultural Society will hold their annual Fair at Unity Trotting Park, Oct 11th and 12th.——At Piscataquis Central Park, recently, C. O. Palmer's three-year old "Judge Advocate" colt was driven a half mile in unfavorable circumstances, in 1.20¾.——An Aroostook correspondent writes: "The farmers have finished haying and have harvested the largest crop in the best condition that ever was known here. Wheat, as well as other grains, is backward, and there are some complaints that the weevil is doing damage, but otherwise we have never seen a better prospect for an unusually large crop of all kinds as can be seen now. Last week I took a ride through New Sweden, and I was surprised to see what large fields and splendid crops they have. We have not to-day in Aroostook county, take it as a whole, a better class of farmers than the Swedes. I could not but help noticing their fields of potatoes and grain, perfectly free from weeds and under extra cultivation."

ENTERPRISING JOURNALISM. A narrow escape from a painful scene is reported from a newspaper office. The publication in question has a new reporter, who is enterprising and willing, as most young men are when they first begin work in "journalism," but who doesn't yet know as much as he probably will at a later period of his career. He came in with the report of a public meeting the other day, in the course of which he stated that "the Hon. Mr. So-and-so followed the previous speaker with a few feeble remarks upon the case under discussion." The city editor remonstrated with the young man, and was not appeased when the reporter told him that the honorable gentleman in question had himself said when he got upon his legs that all he could contribute to the debate would be a few feeble remarks. So the editor took up his own pen, and changed the reporter's manuscript so it read that "the Hon. So-and-so then made a few trenchant remarks upon the case in point, which he delivered in that eloquent and scholarly way which is characteristic of his public utterances," and having achieved this feat with proficient ease he sent the reporter back to his desk. Early the next morning the Hon. Mr. So-and-so sent his office boy around and bought fifty papers, whereas if the reporter's original "copy" had got into the composing-room unchallenged he would probably come up to the office in person with a club.

THE THIRD MAINE. The reunion of the Third Maine Regiment was held in Coburn Hall, Skowhegan, Wednesday, 16th, with a business meeting at 10 A. M., at which Col. Lakeman presided. Sixty-eight veterans responded to the roll call. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

President, Lieut. Geo S. Fuller, Hallowell.

Vice Presidents—C. W. Low, Skowhegan; Lewis Selbing, Augusta; B. D. Savage, Skowhegan.

Recording Secretary—H. J. Goulding, West Waterville.

Corresponding Secretary—J. P. Morrill, Readfield.

Surgeon—G. W. Brickett, Augusta.

Chaplain—J. E. Fossett, Augusta.

Treasurer—W. P. Bailey, Skowhegan.

At 7 P. M., the veterans led by the Skowhegan Band marched to ex-Gov. Coburn's and serenaded him, he being the only governor who ever visited them in the field. The Governor kindly received them, and responded in a brief speech.

At 8 o'clock a sumptuous banquet took place. The hall was beautifully and appropriately decorated and everything passed off pleasantly.

The next meeting will be held in Winthrop on the third Wednesday of August, 1883.

THE SEVENTEENTH MAINE. This regiment celebrated the 20th anniversary of their muster in, at Cushing's Island (off Portland harbor) on Friday. The afternoon was devoted to target practice, resulting in a well marked score. Sergeant Alpheus E. Grover, won the prize for best shot, 13 out of a possible 15, which consisted of an elegant gold regimental corps badge, while W. H. Green made the best single shot, a center bull's eye. The prize for the poorest shot was donated with appropriate words of encouragement on future trials to Col. T. A. Roberts. At the business meeting, the following officers were elected:

President—Col. T. A. Roberts.

First Vice President—Capt. E. A. Duncan.

Second Vice President—Sergt. Seth. B. Day.

Secretary and Treasurer—John O. Rice.

Necrologist—Capt. Geo. W. Verrill.

Board of Directors—Lieut. James M. Safford, E. G. Parsons, Thomas Brand.

MAD TEXAS STEERS. There was an exciting time in the Jersey City cattle yards last Wednesday, in consequence of the presence of two mad Texas steers. The animals arrived with a lot of others from the West, early in the morning. They had, undoubtedly, been crazed by the intense heat encountered during their journey. They began to act wildly, and it was with great difficulty that they were separated from the other cattle and driven into a pen by themselves. Preparations were made to lassoo them. Several of the cattle men joined in the work, and after a struggle lasting about an hour, the dangerous animals were secured and firmly bound with ropes. They were then hauled upon sleds and taken to the slaughter house, where they were soon put to death. It is an interesting fact that only the Spanish herds of America are made mad by the heat. The native herds of America and the grade cattle of the country often succumb to the hot weather, but they are prostrated in an apoplectic form and manifest no violent symptoms whatever.

James T. McCobb, a prominent gentleman in Portland, died on Monday, aged 71. He graduated at Bowdoin College in the class of 1829, the same class with Hon. Phineas Barnes, Hon. Augustine Haines and Dr. William Wood. Hon. Bion Bradbury was a member of the class following, and John Rand, Esq., was in college at the same time. After graduating Mr. McCobb studied law with Daniel Williams of Augusta, afterwards forming a partnership with him. In 1845 Mr. McCobb removed to Portland, where he has practiced law ever since.

Make yourself healthy and strong. Make life happy by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

City News.

The democrats and greenbackers are to hold a joint county convention, in this city, at Granite Hall, on Friday forenoon, 25th inst., for the nomination of county officers. In the afternoon a mass meeting is to be held, to be addressed by Gov. Plaisted and Gen. S. F. Cary of Ohio.——The State muster begins the same day of the fall term of school. The boys won't like that "pretty much."——On Sunday last, while Mr. A. B. T. Chadbourne was driving up from Hallowell, his horse became frightened by a locomotive that had just crossed the railroad bridge, crossing the highway overhead, and shied to one side, the carriage coming in contact with a telegraph pole. The carriage was completely wrecked, and Mr. Chadbourne came near breaking a leg——Miss Nettie Milliken of Portland, the leading soprano of the Cecelia Quartette, formerly of this city, is to be married, this week, to Mr. Fellows of New York.——On Thursday a little past midnight, fire was discovered in the grocery store of Mr. D. W. Pillsbury, in Central Block, Water street. The fire seemed to start under the counter, from what cause is not known, and soon the entire store was one sheet of flames. Nothing was saved from Mr. Pillsbury's store. The fire was confined to that story, though the second story, occupied by F. E. Baker as a billiard room, was considerably damaged by water and smoke. The office of the Mutual Union Telegraph Co. was in Mr. Pillsbury's store, and they lost everything. The building is owned by Mrs. Geo. W. Jones, whose loss is about $1500, insured. D. W. Pillsbury's loss is $2500; insured for that amount.——Soldiers in this city and vicinity who were members of the 19th Maine regiment, are notified that the annual reunion of the veterans will be held at Waterville, Aug. 29th.——On Monday night the ice house in Britt's gully, owned by Jewell, Getchell and others, was burned, together with its contents. It was full of ice. The cause of the fire is not known. Loss $4,500; insured for $3,500.——The sewer on Green street is being extended from State to Chapel street.——A. H. & C. E. Duren of Fairfield, who were burned out in the conflagration of July 21st, have leased the Sprague saw mill on the east side of the river, and intend to run it to its utmost capacity. If they can make suitable terms with the Maine Central as regards freight, they will probably remain here permanently. At Fairfield they employed some 75 men.——A correspondent of the Providence *Star*, who probably passed through Augusta in a sleeping car at midnight, has this to say in his paper: "I was quite disappointed in Augusta; it is not as large or fine a city as I had imagined. Bath came nearer my expectations of the place."——Mr. Arthur D. Locke, the well known shoe dealer, is now constantly employed in the boot and shoe establishment of E. Haskell. His experience in the business makes him a valuable acquisition to the concern.——A republican meeting at Meonian Hall, on Monday evening, was addressed by Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., and Capt. C. A. Boutelle.——At Waterville, on Saturday night, Mr. Edward E. Wiggin of this city, was thrown from his wagon, and both bones of one of his legs were broken just above the ankle. It was a very bad break, and at first it was thought that amputation would be necessary, but now it is hoped that the limb may be saved.——Dr. L. J. Crooker has returned to the city, and formed a partnership with Dr. Webster.——Mayor Vickery and wife reached home yesterday.——The Soldiers' monument will be dedicated on Thursday, the 21st of September. The military and civic organizations will participate.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. The largest Sabbath-school mass meeting ever held in Lincoln county took place Wednesday, 16th, at Nobleboro camp-ground, 1200 to 1500 being present. Rev. C. V. Hanson of Damariscotta, presided. Addresses were made by Rev. C. C. Tilley, Rev. W. H. Clark, Rev. A. S. Ladd, Rev. C. H. Pope, Rev. W. O. Holmes. The meeting was one of great interest and profit, and was attended by large delegations from the schools of Knox, Lincoln and Sagadahoc counties.——Rev. Peter B. Thayer, who has had a continuous pastorate at Garland for thirty-four years, is spending six weeks vacation in Aroostook county on a missionary tour.——The interior of the Methodist church at Phillips, has recently been greatly improved in appearance by repainting the pews and tinting the walls; new carpeting has also been laid through the aisles. Much credit is due to Rev. Mr. Greenhalgh, the pastor, for his untiring efforts in bringing about this agreeable improvement.——Campmeeting at Machias commences August 29th.——The M. E. campmeeting at Foxcroft will commence Monday, Sept. 4th. It will be under the direction of Rev. G. R. Palmer, Presiding Elder Bangor District. There are some improvements now being made on the grounds.——Campmeeting at East Livermore will commence August 28th.——Rev. Mr. Foster, the new Baptist minister at Phillips, is to preach half the time in Madrid.——The high steeple is being removed from the M. E. church at Rockland, it being found injurious to the edifice. The belfry will be handsomely finished off above the deck over the bell.——The Aroostook Valley campmeeting at Caribou, which recently closed, continued six days. It was well attended, and the most successful ever held.——Cottagers are arriving on every train at the Richmond campground, and the grounds present quite a campmeeting appearance. All seem to be expecting the coming meetings will be the best ever held there.——The North Castine campmeeting commences Sept. 4th.——Campmeeting has been in progress the past few days at the Empire Grove campgrounds, East Poland. This grove has been used for campmeeting purposes for fifteen or twenty years, and the grounds have been improved from year to year until they are among the very best in the State. There are about fifty permanent cottages, some twenty society tents, a large number of family tents, a large boarding house and stable, chairs and seats, and an elegant preacher's stand. Water is brought upon the ground from a mineral spring, the medicinal qualities of whose waters are thought by many who have tried them to be equal to the celebrated "Poland Spring."

ASSOCIATION FOR ADVANCEMENT OF WOMEN. The Association for the Advancement of Women will hold their tenth congress in Portland, October 11th, 12th, 13th, at City Hall.

The principal officers of the association are as follows:

President—Julia Ward Howe of Rhode Island.

Secretary—Kate Gannett Wells of Massachusetts.

Treasurer—Henrietta L. F. Walcott of Massachusetts.

Auditors—Emily J. Leonard of Connecticut, and Sarah Bull of Massachusetts.

Chairman of Committees—Art, Martha McKay; Science, Maria Mitchell; Education, Mary F. Eastman; Topics and papers, Lucinda H. Stone; Reforms and statistics, Evelyn Mason; Publication, Phœbe M. Kendall.

The meeting in Portland will be of much interest since it closes the first decade of the existence of the association. The following are topics for discussion at the Congress:

The Chinese question from a Woman's point of view. Mrs. Carolina M. Severance, Cal.
Right of Women to free competition as Workers. Miss Laura Clay, Ky.
Regulations discriminating in favor of Single Women against Married Women, as Teachers, Guardians, Administrators. Mrs. Mary E. Foster, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Vacations and Vacation Schools. Miss Eunice Sewall, Portland, Me.
Records and Results of preceding Congresses. Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, Conn.
Comparative effects on Health of Professional, Fashionable and Industrial Life. Dr. Anna D. French, N. Y.
The Condition of Women in Utah. Mrs. J. A. Froiseth, Utah.
Rights of Children. Mrs. Emma C. Bascom, Wis.
Possibilities of success for Women in the Industrial Arts. Miss Ella C. Lapham, Buffalo, N. Y.
Needs of the Religious Nature. Mrs. Louise V. Boyd, Ia.
Political Economy. Miss Emily J. Leonard, Conn.
A Study of Saturn. Prof. Maria Mitchell, N. Y.

Entertainment for officers and speakers during the congress will be provided upon application to Dr. Sarah W. Devoll, Portland. All applications should be made, if possible before September 15th.

THE PRESIDENT'S BACKBONE. President Arthur's backbone in vetoing the River and Harbor bill, a correspondent of the Troy Times suspects, was derived from the Rev. William Arthur, the President's father. The correspondent relates the following incident: "Allow me to give you a little incident in the life of the Rev. William Arthur, father of our President. While presiding over the Baptist church in West Troy, his choir drawled out the hymn with variations, which did not please him, so he took his text and preached two hours and forty minutes. His head deacon grew impatient and consulted his watch. 'Keep your watch in your pocket, Deacon Jones,' said he. You had a long sing, and I am going to preach till I get through.'"

VEGETINE is a great panacea for our aged fathers and mothers; for it gives them strength, quiets their nerves, and gives them Nature's sweet sleep.

Kennebec County News.

Miss C. Imogene Blackman, the teacher in District No. 15, Sidney, has been presented by her scholars with a fine cabinet photograph album.——Miss Fannie A. Davis, A. M., of Hallowell, has been engaged as preceptress of the Wilton Academy the coming year. Miss Davis is a graduate from the college course, Kent's Hill, class of '68, and a lady of rare attainments and extended and successful experience in teaching.——H. D. B. Ayer of Vassalboro' who was so terribly crushed under a rolling log at the town landing about six weeks since, is still unable to leave his bed, although some hopes are entertained of his recovery.——Herbert V. Smith, a young man about 25 years of age, employed on the farm of William F. Purington, Centre Sidney, shot himself through the head Friday morning, inflicting a wound from which he cannot recover. There are two theories of the cause of the rash act,—one is that he was disappointed in a love affair, and the other that depression caused by ill health led him to attempt to end his existence. He passed the entire night in his chamber writing letters to his friends and making arrangements for his funeral, even designating the young men whom he wanted to act as pall bearers. Smith was born in Wilton. He has two sisters living, but his father and mother are both dead. He was a steady, promising young man.——The Trustees of Colby University, have bought a lot of land adjoining the land on which is the Classical Institute, at Waterville, of Mrs. Ann C. West, and are contemplating the erection of a new building for this same honored institution, over which Dr. Hanson has ruled so long and with such gratifying success. The present building is sadly out of repair.——The Union Sabbath-school at North Belgrade, together with their parents and invited friends, held a picnic at Hutchins and Watson's grove, on Thursday last, the 17th. The day was fine and the attendance good, some one hundred and forty being present. The exercises consisted of speaking, singing, recitations, &c., by the members of the school, which were very creditable to the teachers and scholars. A nice chowder and picnic dinner being served in the grove; the tables were very tastefully arranged with all the niceties, and well might the inner man be satisfied. Everything passed off in a pleasing manner to all concerned, and all went home feeling well paid for their labors.——Detective Heald of Portland, has captured at Lake Maranocook, a rumseller named William Ray, who has been plying his business there on several occasions.——The Thirteenth Maine Regiment will hold their annual reunion at Lake Maranocook, Aug. 29th.——Mr. G. E. Moody and two boys in Pittston, cut and put into the barn 110 tons of hay, 12 tons of grain, all inside of thirty working days, and can well afford to boast a little.——The largest run of ice from the houses to a vessel ever made on the Kennebec in the same number of hours, was made at the houses of the Smithtown Knickerbocker company on Tuesday of last week. The schooner Chas. H. Morse, Capt. Cash, was hauled in at the wharf in the morning at 7 and quarter to six P. M., had been loaded with 703 tons of ice, and hauled into the stream. The work was all done inside of ten hours, and with a single crew.——There is talk of building a new cotton mill on the lower dam in Gardiner.——Seven persons were baptized in China on Sunday, by Rev. N. W. Newbert of the M. E. Church. The ceremony took place at the lake.——Rev. Mr. Avery, presiding elder of the Rockland district, is to remove his family to China village.——Edmund Davis of Winthrop, aged about 75, dropped dead on Wednesday, at Lake Maranocook, of heart disease. He was in his usual health attending to business when he fell and instantly expired.——Mr. E. D. Boothby, a son of L. T. Boothby, Esq., of Waterville, formerly in the employ of the First National Bank of Portland, and later with the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company, died at South Paris Tuesday morning, of consumption. He was on a visit to friends hoping to gain strength by a change of air.

FIRES IN MAINE. The millinery store of Mrs. L. Atwood on Lisbon street under the old church, Lewiston, took fire Friday night and the stock was badly damaged by fire and water. Insured for $2000. The building was owned by R. C. Pingree & Co., and was slightly damaged. Westport has been visited with a very destructive fire for most a week past, burning over a thousand acres of woodland, and quite an amount of wood cut ready for market, at one time greatly endangering many buildings; but fortunately none have been burned. Several families had their household goods packed, ready to move. A fire has been raging in the woods back of Cole's Hill, Waldoboro, for several days. The dwelling house at White Rock, Gorham, owned and occupied by Mr. Sewall Douglas, was destroyed by fire Friday morning. Mr. Douglas lost all his furniture, etc. Mrs. Baker and daughter, who occupied a part of the house, saved a small part of their furniture. The house was insured. Cause of the fire is supposed to have been incendiary. Monday morning fire was discovered in the stable, rear of Houston's cracker bakery in Lewiston. The fire extended rapidly into the bakery hastened by an explosion, probably of flour dust. Nothing was left but the brick walls of the bakery, besides the stock of 700 barrels of flour in the basement. Loss $15,000 to $20,000; insured for $6000. The stable was not locked. The fire was discovered in the straw. It is thought to have been set by a tramp. The house of Collahan heirs and Bradbury stables were damaged slightly. Geo. Lochlin, Llewellyn Maxfield and James Dyer were injured by the explosion. The farm buildings of Everett Olney, Albany, burned Friday. The tenant lost his furniture and hay. Cause, unknown; loss $700; insured for $300. The house and stable of Albert Herrick, at Mechanic Falls were destroyed by fire, Tuesday noon. The fire caught on the roof. The furniture was mostly saved. Loss $800; insured for $600.

EGYPT'S WAR. Actual hostilities are resumed in Egypt. The English army had been for some time making preparations for an attack on Arabi Pacha.

Admiral Hewitt telegraphs from Suez at 4 o'clock Monday morning, as follows:—"Yesterday Captain Hastings, in command of the seamen and marines of the gunboats Sea Gull and Mosquito, assisted by 200 Highlanders, under Maj. Kelsey, proceeded to Shaloof by way of the maritime canal, and found 600 of the enemy strongly intrenched behind the station. The English force landed and defeated them, taking 45 prisoners, and capturing a small cannon and a quantity of ammunition and stores. Our loss was two Highlanders drowned and two seamen wounded. The enemy's loss was about one hundred killed and wounded. The bank of the fresh water canal at Shaloof was cut by the enemy, but it has been repaired. It is now guarded."

The English have seized the telegraph line between Port Said and Suez, and have restored communication with Kantara and Ismailia. The canal has been closed to merchant vessels, dredges have been seized, and war vessels cleared for action are stationed near the Ghemil fortifications. Major General Wood and staff made an armed reconnoissance from the Ramleh outposts Monday, engaging a detachment of Egyptian infantry. Later the iron-clad train was sent out and fired upon the enemy with the forty-pounder. The Egyptians shelled the train until it withdrew. At the same time the British infantry fired upon the Egyptian cavalry from intrenchments, inflicting a heavy loss. The reconnoissance proves the excellence of Arabi Pacha's earthworks, and the accuracy of the fire of his artillery. Reports from the interior show that Arabi Pacha is making the entire population labor on the earthworks. He declares that Kafr-el-Dwar shall be another Plevna. A despatch from Constantinople says that Lord Dufferin has declined the Turkish proposals for a military convention. The feeling in Turkey is strongly in favor of Arabi, and several demonstrations in his favor have been suppressed by the authorities.

The English are occupying both banks of the canal at Kastara, and the troops have possession of the telegraph lines at El Arisn. The majority of the French papers comment very unfavorably on the action of the British in occupying the Suez Canal.

Tuesday afternoon about 600 Highlanders made a reconnoissance from Gabriel station, at Ramleh, in the direction of Kafr el Dwar. Simultaneously the forty-pounders at Water Hill opened fire. The Egyptians replied after the third round. There was no infantry firing, the British bringing more heavy guns into position about 150 yards in advance of their present lines.

This is the way that Elizabeth Stuart Phelps characterizes the State of Maine in the instalment of her new novel, "Doctor Zay:" "We allers do hev everything wuss here than other folks," said a passenger in the Bangor mail coach. "Freeze and prohibition, mud and fusion. We've got one of the constitutions that takes things, like my boy. He's had the measles 'n the chickenporx and the mumps and the nettle rash, and fell in love with his school 'marm, 'n got religion and lost the prize for elecootin' all in one darned year."

Items of Maine News.

The post office at Linwood, Lincoln county, is discontinued.

Mr. Edmund Winship, one of Portland's prominent citizens, is dead.

The Maine Central paid a semi-annual dividend of two per cent. Wednesday.

F. Shaw & Bros. will rebuild at once the bark extract works at Kingman, lately destroyed by fire.

Messrs. Norton & Purington commenced on the brick work of the Union Hall in Pittsfield, last Saturday.

Among the late issues from the Patent Office, we note Trademark; H. Holt & Co., East Wilton, Me., Hay Knives.

A heavy shower occurred in the east part of Cambridge on the afternoon of the 16th, damaging crops, and breaking out glass.

Capt. Fitzgerald, of the schooner Nanseag, who lives in Prospect Harbor, was run over by a train on Commercial street, Portland, and killed.

The Katahdin Iron Works started up Tuesday after a suspension of four weeks, during which extensive repairs have been made on the furnace.

Monday, a son of Capt. Henry Sweetland, of Rockland, a little over three years old, fell from a bridge at South Thomaston, into a pond, and was drowned.

Joseph Dillingham, aged 24, and Charles Pepper, aged 17, were drowned Saturday morning in Rockport harbor, while coming alone from a vessel. Both bodies were recovered.

While a crew of men were engaged in raising a building in Oldtown, Friday, the blockings came out, crushing Thomas Kilpatrick, aged 65, who lived only a few minutes.

Herbert Rowell, who keeps a liquor place in Rockland while intoxicated, shot his wife. The ball passed nearly through her body and she is in a critical condition. He was arrested.

Senator Kellogg, of Louisiana, and party were at North Anson, Wednesday evening, enroute for Eustis. He was serenaded in the evening, and made a brief speech in response.

Some one attempted to relieve the safe of T. R. Fletcher & Co., of New Sharon, of a large sum of money one night last week, but only got about ten dollars, it being one of the "off nights."

Hon. Charles J. Abbott, of the class of '25, Bowdoin, a distinguished member of Hancock Bar, collector of customs from '49 to '53, State Senator in '66, died at his home in Castine, Sunday, aged 76.

A son of Mr. Alexander T. Stewart of Vinalhaven fell in a well on Saturday last, and though he had been missed but a few minutes, when found life was extinct. The little fellow was nearly two years of age.

The wife of Charles Hutchins of Kittery, whom he knocked down stairs recently on account of neglecting to sew buttons prompt enough to satisfy him, will recover from the effects unless brain fever sets in.

Mary Grant died on the afternoon of the 16th, inst., very suddenly, at Cambridge, from the effects of eating choke cherries and milk, although every effort was made to save her. She lived only a few hours.

Sergeant Kelley, who shot young Smith, at Fort Popham, has been indicted for murder. The question of jurisdiction will be the first to be decided by the court. It will be tried this term, probably a week hence.

In the death of Samuel Toothaker, Richmond loses one of its oldest and most respected citizens. Mr. Toothaker was born on Harpswell Island in 1812, and was seventy years of age at the time of his death.

Dr. A. C. Hamlin of Bangor, has received a letter from Mt. Mica informing him that a cavity has just been opened from which a blue-green tourmaline has been taken which is larger than any other ever found at Mt. Mica.

The heaviest tax-payers in Richmond are T. J. Southard & Son, who pay $2,216.12. The next heaviest are Mrs. Sarah Hagar, $957.53; George H. Theobald, $859.65; estate of Wm. H. Jones, $714.00; Haynes & DeWitt Ice Co., $355.05.

The old charter of the First National Bank of Bangor, expires on Sept. 14, and two-thirds of the stockholders, the number required by law, have assented in writing to an extension of the charter, and word has been received that the same will be granted.

A horse of Mr. Lincoln Winchenbach of Washington, met with a singular accident last week. It was noticed that he did not eat, and upon looking into his mouth a large chip of wood was found wedged between his jaws, rendering it impossible for him to take any food into his throat.

James Tobey, aged about 70, an old fisherman, was found drowned at Sizes' wharf, Portsmouth, Friday forenoon. He came in with a boatload of lobsters, and probably in attempting to get on the wharf fell overboard. He was born in Elliot, Me., and was by trade a ship carpenter.

Mr. Reuben Bridges who left his home in Mars Hill some four years ago, for Colorado, has recently met with an accident in that territory, while blasting in a mine, depriving him of his sight; he also sustained other injuries. His family is still at Mars Hill.

The barn struck by lightning in Veazie during the storm which swept through Bangor, belonged to Edward Hathorn. A valuable horse worth three hundred dollars was killed by the shock and the building was set on fire, a large amount of hay and numerous farming tools being consumed in the flames.

Squirrel Island Association has chosen the following officers for the ensuing year: Secretary, L. G. Jordan, Lewiston; Treasurer, S. C. Whitehouse, Augusta; Directors, N. B. Reynolds, Auburn, J. B. Ham, Lewiston, Fred Hamlen, Augusta, J. H. Leigh, Hallowell, M. M. Bartlett, Waterville, E. C. Hyde, Bath.

It will be of interest to Odd Fellows to know that the Supreme Court of Maine has rendered a decision in favor of Belfast Lodge, in the case of that Lodge against the Grand Lodge of Maine. All Odd Fellows are familiar with the details of the case, and the decision of the Supreme Court has been anxiously looked for.

An Indian from Maine named Mechalon Mecola, 19 years of age, while suffering from delirium tremens on Thursday attempted to jump from the Battery sea wall, in New York, but was prevented and taken to the Hospital, when he attempted to strangle himself. He did not know how he got to the city or how long he had been there.

Hiram Thayer, of Stevens' Plains, committed suicide Thursday morning, by hanging himself to a beam in his barn. The deceased was about 68 years of age. No cause can be assigned for the deed except despondency on account of being unable to work. He was comfortably situated and his rash act is a surprise to all his acquaintances. He leaves a widow and one or two children.

The shower of the 9th was terrific at Guilford. Lightning entered the Methodist church through an open window and struck the end of a pew near the centre of the room, splitting it to quite an extent, doing no other damage, however. It also struck a number of large trees in that vicinity. There was a heavy wind at the same time which damaged crops to quite an amount.

Recently, Charlie, a son of Mr. Albert L. Libbey of Exeter, about 15 years of age, while raking up the door yard, accidentally stepped on a small stick, which broke and the sharp end bent over at the toe, and made a slight puncture in the ancle. It was thought to be only a slight wound at first, but in a short time it began to swell, and on the Wednesday following he was taken with lockjaw, and died in great distress on Friday the 11th.

Hon. Albert Smith of New York, who is visiting relatives in Boothbay, was thrown from a runaway team last week, falling upon his head and shoulders, and internal injuries are feared. His neice, who was also in the carriage, was bruised and had her wrist and ankle sprained. Mr. Smith was riding by the Boothbay House just past noon, when the breeching broke letting the carriage on to the horse, which ran round a corner sharp, and Mr. Smith was thrown out a distance of 12 feet, breaking his collar bone and injuring him internally. His condition is improving.

Further facts are given concerning the recent death of Willie Tilton, of Temple, by a lightning stroke. Mr. Tilton, who with two sons, Willie and Bennie, were haying and sought shelter beneath a maple tree. The shower had not yet struck. The two boys were standing near the trunk of the tree while the father was leaning against a smaller one about ten feet apart from it. The bolt struck the largest tree tearing the bark, knocked Willie on his back, threw Bennie several feet and stunned him, and lifted the father some distance and dropped him into a bunch of hazel bushes insensible. When Mr. Tilton recovered Bennie shouted "Willie is dead!" Mr. T., said "go for help, I can't move." Bennie went for a neighbor, and the father with no use of his lower limbs, dragged himself to the side of Willie just in time to see him gasp and die.

of Maine News.

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an from Maine named Mechalon
) years of age, while suffering
irium tremens on Thursday
to jump from the Battery sea
ew York, but was prevented and
he Hospital, when he attempted
e himself. He did not know how
the city or how long he had been

Thayer, of Stevens' Plains, com-
cide Thursday morning, by hang-
lf to a beam in his barn. The
was about 68 years of age. No
be assigned for the deed except
acy on account of being unable
He was comfortably situated
sh act is a surprise to all his
nces. He leaves a widow and one
ildren.
ower of the 9th was terrific at
Lightning entered the Methodist
rough an open window and struck
a pew near the centre of the
itting it to quite an extent, doing
lamage, however. It also struck
of large trees in that vicinity.
s a heavy wind at the same time
maged crops to quite an amount.
y, Charlie, a son of Mr. Albert
of Exeter, about 15 years of age,
ing up the door yard, accidentally
n a small stick, which broke and
end bent over at the toe, and
light puncture in the ancle. It
ght to be only a slight wound at
in a short time it began to swell,
e Wednesday following he was
th lockjaw, and died in great
n Friday the 11th.
lbert Smith of New York, who
g relatives in Boothbay, was
rom a runaway team last week,
on his head and shoulders, and
injuries are feared. His neice,
also in the carriage, was bruised
her wrist and ankle sprained. Mr.
s riding by the Boothbay House
noon, when the breeching broke
e carriage on to the horse, which
a corner sharp, and Mr. Smith
wn out a distance of 12 feet, break-
ollar bone and injuring him inter-
is condition is improving.
r facts are given concerning the
ath of Willie Tilton, of Temple,
htning stroke. Mr. Tilton, who
sons, Willie and Bennie, were
and sought shelter beneath a maple
e shower had not yet struck. The
were standing near the trunk of
while the father was leaning
smaller one about ten feet apart
The bolt struck the largest tree
the bark, knocked Willie on his
ew Bennie several feet and stunned
lifted the father some distance
ped him into a bunch of hazel
nsensible. When Mr. Tilton re-
Bennie shouted "Willie is dead!"
said "go for help, I can't move,"
ent for a neighbor, and the father
use of his lower limbs, dragged
o the side of Willie just in time to
gasp and die.

Items of General News.

There have been frosts in the lowlands in certain sections of New Hampshire the past week.

The House of Lords and the House of Commons at London, have both adjourned till the 24th of October.

By an accident to Coup's circus train, in Illinois, Sunday, three persons were killed and twenty-five wounded.

Gen. B. F. Butler has been nominated by the greenback party of Massachusetts as their candidate for Governor.

Mrs. John White, of Nashua, N. H., who was badly burned by the bursting of a can of kerosene oil, while building a fire, died Tuesday.

The English steamer Castalia has been chartered to load 500 mules at Philadelphia to be taken to Alexandria, Egypt, for the English Government.

It is rumored that Maud S. and Lysander Boy are to be worked double in the endeavor to beat 2.16¾. An exhibition mile may be trotted at Hartford.

The residence of Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, in New York, was robbed of jewelry valued at $2000 by a hall boy named James Higgins, who was employed in the house.

Arrangements are complete for a balloon ascension from Rockford, Ill., on the 29th inst. A young lady and gentleman will be wedded in the balloon and take a tour to the clouds.

The army worm is going through the oat crops in part of New Brunswick with alarming rapidity. Rust has also made its appearance in potatoes at Sussex, but not very heavy.

Mr. J. B. Gough, in a lecture at Chautauqua, New York, recently paid a tribute to what he termed the "short but well rounded and glorious life of James Abram Garfield."

The other morning Henry Belman, a farmer, at Dundee, Ill., while cutting his oats with a reaper, ran over his three-years-old daughter, cutting off both her legs. She bled to death in a few minutes.

Edward Alves and two unknown swimmers were drowned in the sight of hundreds of persons Friday, off the iron pier at Coney Island, one in an endeavor to save another. Life preservers were thrown, but the men seemed dazed.

The drought in New Hampshire continues with unparalleled severity. As yet it is a surface burn, and many of the springs and deep wells still furnish water, but vegetation is literally burned up. Many farmers are cutting their corn for fodder.

At the battle monument meeting at North Bennington, Vt., ex-Governor Rice presiding, the committee on design received several plans and it was resolved to obtain a design for the battle monument immediately and place the project under contract.

Chas. Mahone, of Mt. Pulaski, Ill., and two young men who were working with him, were discovered dead, Monday night, having been missing three days. All three were blindfolded and their throats cut from ear to ear. No cause is known for the deed.

On account of the ravages of yellow fever, in Texas, Gov. Roberts has asked the Government for aid. The Government will assist in the hospital department. Two thousand people are out of employment in Brownsville on account of the quarantine.

At the Lachine regatta Monday, in the double scull race, Buckley and O'Connell of Portland, won in 7m. 59s; distance 1½ miles straightway. Donohue and mate of Hamilton, Ontario, were an eighth of a mile in the rear and Holmes and Appley of Providence came in third.

The excursion steamer Republic, which it was supposed was lost, has arrived at Wilmington, all safe. The cross heads of the engine were broken, and the steamer was compelled to stop and await the arrival of a tug. The passengers became hungry from long waiting, but all arrived safely.

An unknown man rode up to the residence of Jose Rafael Apodaca at Albuquerque, N. M., Tuesday, called him to the door and shot him through the head, killing him instantly. Apodaca's brother then appeared at the door, and he, too, was shot dead by the stranger, who made his escape.

An attempt was made Monday afternoon to wreck the up passenger train to the White Mountains, at Woodsville. Pieces of iron were spiked to the sleepers on each side of the track on a sharp curve and the locomotive was thrown twenty feet down an embankment. The passenger cars were derailed, but no one was hurt.

About midnight, Saturday, five or six men broke into Eli Cox's house, about five miles north of Ashland, Ill., and demanded his money. He showed them where it was, and they got $40. This did not satisfy them, and they procured a rope and strung Cox up three times, stuck his feet in the fire, burned his hands, and beat him fearfully.

Five masked men rushed into a dwelling-house at West Charlton, Schenectady county, N. Y., at nine o'clock, Wednesday night, handcuffed, bound and gagged the inmates, consisting of two brothers named Gilchrist and a sister. The men then burst open the safe and rifled its contents of $800 in money and about $150,000 in bonds and mortgages.

Laura Marwin and Della Stile, two handsome girls of Columbus, Ga., quarrelled Wednesday night about a young man, and agreed to settle the dispute according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules. Seconds were chosen, and at daybreak Thursday morning they crossed to the Alabama side, where a ring was pitched. In the first round both girls were severely punished. In the second round Della Stile was declared the victor.

The Mill estate of the United States Flax Manufacturing Company at Central Falls, R. I., a part of the Sprague estate, was sold at auction Thursday, for $205,100 to the Union Company. The Amasa Sprague property at Coweset, advertised to be sold the 22d, has been sold at private sale to the wife of Amasa Sprague, for about $25.-000. The William Sprague villa, "Canonchet," which cost a fabulous sum of money, has been sold to Frank D. Moulton of New York.

The strike of the Pan Handle, (Pa.) coal miners against a reduction from 4 to 3½ cents ended Monday in their defeat, and all the strikers who could obtain work at the reduction went in this morning. The struggle has been the most protracted and expensive ever known in that district. In the four and a half months since April, when the men laid down their picks, they have lost in wages $250,000. The strikes in the coal mines have ended in about the same way.

One of the two boys who were wounded at the time the Joyce family was murdered near Cong, Ireland, has died of his wounds. He was only 15 years old. The other boy, who is but 12 years old, is in a very prostrate condition. He states that the assassins, who were disguised, numbered four or five. Joyce's mother was over 80 years of age. Part of her body was devoured by dogs before her corpse was discovered. The house in which the family lived presents a shocking spectacle. The bodies of the victims lie on the floor, riddled with bullets and mangled as if they had been battered with a hammer. The murder was the most horrible that has ever disgraced even Ireland. Four persons have been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the murders.

A bundle of papers found in Choctaw county, Ala., on the 14th inst., disclosed a well organized plot among the negroes to kill the entire white population of that county, on the 17th. Jack Turner and six other ringleaders were arrested. The plot has been in existence since 1878, and the conspirators now number 400. They have powder, shot, and guns. Sunday night, the 17th of September, had been appointed as the date for the consummation of the plot. This date was selected because then the white people would be at campmeeting unarmed. A mass meeting called for Saturday brought together about 700 men, among whom were about 150 negroes, who, after having the papers read, by an almost unanimous vote decided that Jack Turner was a dangerous character and that the public demanded his immediate death. He was accordingly hung in the presence of the assemblage. The crowd dispersed and all signs of disturbance ceased.

All Chilian forces in the departments of Peru are now concentrated around Lima. In consequence of the outbreak of Indians in Concepcion and Huancayo, and the massacre of two small garrisons, and capture and consequent murder of two or three small Chilian outposts, the retiring Chilian forces burned several small villages along their line of retreat. The Chilians have occupied the whole of Conete province for the third time. In retiring the Montaneros carried with them three of the wealthiest planters, who, as they could not or would not pay the ransom they demanded, were slain in cold blood. The Chilians appear to contemplate making a crushing effort in some unknown direction. All the military power as a consolidated institution is at an end with the Peruvians. Amidst the strife, the robbery, and anarchy the fate of the country is hard to predict.

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

Boston, Wednesday, Aug. 23.

Amount of stock at market: Cattle, 2095; sheep and lambs, 11,876; swine, 11,-565; veals, 55; number of western cattle, 1770; northern and eastern cattle, 325.

Prices of beef cattle per 100 lbs., live weight: Extra quality, $7 75@8 75; first, $6 62½@7 62½; second, $5 62½@6 50; third, $4 62½@5 50; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bulls, etc., $3 75@4 50.

Brighton Hides—9½@10c per lb.
Brighton Tallow—7@7½c per lb.
Country Hides—Light ones, 6½@7c per lb.; heavy, 8½@9c per lb.
Country Tallow—5c per lb.
Calf Skins—12@12½c per lb.
Lamb Skins—75c@$1.00 each.
Sheared Sheep Skins—30@50c each.

SALES OF CATTLE.

By	Number.	Pr. per 100 lbs live wt.	Live wt.	Average weight
A. N. Monroe	20	7 00	"	1250
do	40	2 65	"	970
do	20	7 90	"	1410
do	43	5 90	"	1070
do	23	6 25	"	1200
do	15	5 95	"	1090
do	24	7 12½	"	1210
do	27	6 00	"	1250
do	15	7 00	"	1320
C. Leavitt & Son	13	6 25	"	1100
do	8	7 25	"	1250
do	8	6 05	"	1100
do	6	6 00	"	1175
Fitch & Eames,	6	5 75	"	1050
do	12	6 00	"	1098
E. Farrell,	6	6 00	"	1150
do	5	5 75	"	1080
do	3	6 55	"	1200
J. Stetson & Son	13	6 00	"	1080
do	6	6 20	"	1125
do	5	6 10	"	1150
J. McFlynn	9	6 62½	"	1255
do	4	6 37½	"	1102
do	3	6 25	"	1200

There has been a large supply of cattle brought in from the West the past week than there was the previous one. The quality of the offerings was of a good grade, and prices realized for them were not so good. Prices for western cattle ranged from 6@8c per lb. for cattle suitable for butcher's trade. Texas cattle sold at 5¼@6¼c per lb., live weight, with a fair supply in market.

Working Oxen. The demand for work-oxen at the present time very light, a few pairs each week being all the markets require until later in the season. We quote sales of 1 pair, girth 6ft. 5in., live weight 2450 lbs., $100; 1 pair, girth 7ft., live weight, 3000 lbs., $160.

Milch Cows—We quote the following sales of 5 springers at $200 lot; 2 do for $38; 1 do at $50 each; 1 extra new milch Cow at $60; 1 Jersey at $75; 1 cow and calf, $45; 2 new milch cows $50 each; 1 extra cow $75; 1 do., $70.

Store Cattle—Only a few in market. Most of the small Cattle that were in a fair condition were sold to butchers to slaughter.

Veal calves—Prices range from 3 to 7½ per lb., live weight.

Sheep and Lambs—Those from the West landed at Brighton sell at from 5½ to 6c. per lb.; western lambs cost, from 7 to 7½c. per lb., live weight. Mostly owned by Hollis & Co.

Swine. Western fat hogs cost, landed at the slaughter houses, 8 to 9c per lb., live weight. On store pigs prices are from 6 to 10c per lb. for live weight; or $2 to $6 per head.

Boston Market.

Wednesday, August 23.

Flour—We quote sales at $3 50@4 00 for Western Superfine; $4 50@5 00 for common extras; $4 75@5 00 for Wisconsin extras; and $5 00@7 00 per bbl. for Minnesota extras, including choice baker's brands; winter wheats are selling at $@5 50 5 75 for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, $6 00@6 50 for Illinois and St. Louis; spring wheat patents are selling at $7 25@8 75 and winter wheats at $6 25@7 25 per bbl. Corn Meal has been selling at $3 80@3 85 per bbl. Rye Flour sells at $4 00@4 50 per bbl. In Oat Meal sales have been at 7 00@8 00 per bbl. for common and fancy Western.

Grain—There is very little change in corn. we quote No. 2 and high mixed at 93@95c; steamer corn at 89@90c; Oats are in fair demand. The sales for No. 1 and extra white have been at 76@78c; No. 2 white at 73@75c; No. 3 white at 69@70c, and No. 2 mixed at 68@69c per bushel. Shorts have been selling at $22 50@23 00, and Middlings at $27 00@33 00 per ton. Cotton Seed Meal has been selling at $33 00 per ton.

Provisions—The pork market is firm The sales of prime clear at $20 00@21 for prime; $23 00@23 00 for mess; and $25 00@26 50 for clear, including backs. Beef sells at $13 00@14 00 per bbl. for mess, $15 00@16 00 for extra mess, and $18 00@21 00 per bbl. for extra plate and family. Lard is firm. Sales at 13@13¼c per lb., for city and Western. Smoked Hams are selling at 14@15c per lb. as to quality.

Produce—In butter sales, Western and Northern creameries have been at 25@27c for choice and 21@24c per lb. for fair and good; New York and Vermont dairy at 23@26c for choice and 21@22c for fair and good; Western dairy packed at 19@20c for choice and 17@18c for fair and good; and Western ladle packed at 18@19c for choice and 16@17c for fair and good. Cheese is in demand. Sales of choice at 11¼@11¾c; fair to good at 10@11c and common and skim at 5@9c per lb. Eggs have been selling at 25@26c for Eastern, Vermont and New York; 23½@24c for Canada, P. E. Island and Nova Scotia, Western 19@20c. Beans are in steady demand. The sales of choice pea beans have been at $3 75@3 80; choice mediums at $3 00; yellow eyes at $3 40@3 50. Choice Canada peas are selling at $1 25@1 30, and common at 90c @$1 per bush. Potatoes unsettled, scarce, at extreme figures. The sales have ranged from $2 50@3 00 per bbl. Dried apples are dull and there is very little demand for sliced or quartered. Choice evaporated have been selling at 15@16c per lb. There is a good demand for fresh killed poultry. Chickens range from 18@22c per lb.

Hay—The demand for hay continues moderate and prices remain unchanged. The sales of choice have been at $20@21, poor at $12@18 per ton. Rye Straw has been in fair demand and sales at $16@18 per ton.

Augusta City Market.

Wednesday, Aug. 23.

Apples—Green $2 50@3 00 per bbl.
Beans—Pea beans $3 75@3 90; Yellow Eyes $3 10@3 25.
Butter—Good Butter sells for 23@26c.
Cheese—New 11@12c.
Cotton Seed Meal—$1 65 per cwt.
Eggs—25c per dozen.
Flour—$7 50@11 00 per bbl.
Grain—Corn $1.00; oats 70.
Hay—$12 00@14 00; pressed $14@16.
Straw—$6@$8
Honey—Choice Aroostook honey 20@25 per pound.
Hides and Skins—Hides 6½@8½c, dividing on 90 pounds; lamb skins 50@75c; calf skins 12c; deacons 25@35c; shearlings 15@20c.
Lime and Cement—Lime $1 15@1 20 per cask; cement $2 00.
Lard—12½@13c.
Meal—Corn $1.00; rye $1 15@1 25.
Produce—Potatoes, 90@1 00 per bushel; onions $1 00@1 25 per bushel; cabbages per hundred lbs.
Provisions—Clear salt pork 12½@13c; beef per side 9@10½c; ham 14½@15c; fowls 14@16c; spring lamb 8@9c; mutton 9@10c; veal 9@10c; spring chickens 18@20c; round hog 8@8½c; sausages 12@14c; turkeys 17@20c.
Shorts—$25 per ton.
Ground Plaster—Sells at $5 00@5 50 per ton.
Wool—Washed 30@33c; unwashed 25.

Wool Market.

Boston, Wednesday, Aug. 23.

Wool—The sales of the week have been 2,000,000 lbs of all kinds. Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces have been selling at 40@42c for X and XX grades, and large lines of choice Michigan X at 39@40c per lb. The Michigan Wool is in fine condition and sells close up to Ohio. Unwashed Wools have been in demand and considerable sales at 25@32c for fine and medium grades, down to 17@23c for low, coarse and defective. In combing and delaine selections the sales have been at 43@46c for fine delaine, and fine and No. 1 combing 47@49c. California Wool has been quiet and sales confined to a few small lots of spring at 25@32c per lb. Pulled Wools are in fair demand and have been selling at 42@47 c per lb. for choice Eastern and Maine supers, and 25@40c for common and good super. The demand for foreign Wool has been more quiet Considerable sales of Australian at 40@44c; small lots of Montevideo at 30@34c; and Mediterranean carpet at various prices as to quality.

New York Money Market.

New York, Aug. 22.

United States Sixes, 1881,		(ex.)	101¼
"	" 5's	(ext.)	101½
"	" New 4½	(reg.)	113⅛
"	"	(coup.)	114⅜
"	" New 4's	(reg.)	119⅜
"	"	(coup.)	119⅞
"	" Pacific 6's	'95.	130

Portland Market.

Wednesday, Aug. 23.

Apples—Cooking $4 00@$5 00 per bbl.; Evaporated, 14@16; dried Western, 6@6½; do Eastern, 6@6½.
Butter—20@22c for choice family; Vermont, 25@28c per lb.
Beans—Pea $4 00@4 25; Yellow Eyes $3 40@3 50.
Cheese—Me. and Vermont Factory new 11@12½c; skim cheese 7½@8c.
Coal—Stove and Egg $6 50@7 00.
Flour—Superfine $4 25@4 75; Spring X and XX $5 75@6 25; Michigan Winter X and XX $6 25@6 50; Common Michigan, $5 75@6 00; St. Louis winter best $7 50 @7 75.
Fish—Cod Ship's $5 25@5 75; Shore $4 75 @5 00; Herring $4 00@5 00; Scaled per bx 20@25c; Mackerel per bbl. Shore No. 2 $10 50@12 00.
Grain—Corn, car lots 92c; oats 72c; fine feed $29 00 per ton; rye $1 30; shorts $32 00 per ton.
Lard—Per tierce 13¼@13⅜c per lb; per tub 13⅜@13½c; pail 13¾@14¼.
Provisions—Fowl 18@20; chickens, 23 @25c; turkeys 18@20c; eggs 26 cents; potatoes 1 50@2 00 per bushel; Chicago extra beef $16 00@16 50; pork backs $27 00@27 50; clear $26 50@27 00; mess $22 00@23 00; hams 16@16½.

Watertown Cattle Market.

Tuesday, Aug. 22.

Beef Cattle—Receipts 1348 head; market active; sales of Beef Cattle—choice at $10 25@10 50; extra at 9 75@10 00; first quality at $8 00@9 00; second quality at $6 00@7 50; third quality at $4 50@5 50.
Store Cattle—Working Oxen per pair at $100@275; milch cows and calves at $20@48; yearling $10@15; two years, $16@28; three years, $30@48; farrow cows, $15@33; fancy cows $50@76.
Swine — Receipts 0,000. Western fat Swine, live, 8@9; Northern dressed hogs at 10¾.
Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 11,064 head; sales of sheep in lots $2 50@4 50 each; extra $5 00@6 00; lambs ⅛@¾; Veal calves 3@7½.

Chicago Cattle Market.

Chicago, Aug. 22.

Hogs—Receipts 8,500 head; shipments 3800; firm; light at 7 75@8 50; mixed packing at 7 75@8 50; heavy at 8 45@8 90.
Cattle.—Receipts 5,500 head; market strong; exports 7 10@7 75; common to choice shipping 6 50@7 00; fair at 4 25@5 75; choice Texans at 3 50@5 00; half breeds and Americans at 4 40@5 00; stockers and feeders at 2 95@4 40.
Sheep—Receipts 700 head; shipments 260 head; general demand fair and stronger inferior to medium natives and Texans 3 50@4 00; good fat muttons 4 20@4 35; choice to extra at 4 50@4 75.

Bangor Produce Market.

Wednesday, Aug. 23.

Apples—Sweet Bough per bbl. $6 50
Beans—Yellow Eyes $3 20@3 25 per bush; Pea, hand picked, $3 50@3 70.
Butter—Best, 25@27c per lb; fair to good, 20@22; good, 22@24c per lb.
Eggs—24c per doz.
Grain—Oats 68@70c per bush; corn $1 00.
Hay—$9 00@10 per ton; pressed $10@11.
Potatoes—New, per bushel, $85@90.
Provisions—Pork, round hog, 9@9½; chickens 20@22c.

Editor's Table.

The Magazines for September are full of good reading for the coming long evenings. Harpers', The Century, The North American Review, Lippincott's, and The Wide-Awake, are included in these remarks, and they may be found on the counters of all the news stands.

Robert Franz's Songs are high favorites with the best musicians. Ditson & Co., send us two of them. "Sunday" or "Sountag" and the "Water-lily" or more properly "Lotus bloom." Price of each, 30 cents. In the same bundle comes "The Waterfall" (35 cts.), by Ernest Simon, "One Word" (40 cts.), by C. Pinsuti, two pretty recreations for the piano by Louis Meyer, "Little Birdie," and "Curly Head" (each 25 cts.) These will delight little piano players, as will, certainly Ernest Leslie's arrangement of "Woodland Whispers" by Stanley. A "Melodie" (35 cts.), by Moritz Moszkowski, will suit advanced players.

Littell's Living Age. The numbers of The Living Age for August 12th and 19th contain: American Society in American Fiction, *Edinburgh Review;* The Turning-Point of the Middle Ages, *Contemporary;* With the Emigrants, and Muhammad and His Teaching, *Nineteenth Century;* French Prisons and Convict Establishments, and A Deserted Garden, *Cornhill;* The Crimes of Colonization, *Pall Mall;* Alexandria, *Saturday Review;* Reminiscences of a Visit to Sir John Franklin, *Chambers' Journal;* Dickens as a Dramatist, *Spectator;* with instalments of "Robin," "A Hansom Amateur," "The Ladies Lindores," "A Cat's Paw," and "George Considine," and selections of poetry. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate in Seasickness.

S. S. Parker, Wellington, O., says: "While crossing Lake Erie, I gave it to some fellow-passengers who were seasick, and it gave immediate relief."

"VICTORY!"

Under this caption, a gentleman in Iowa, who had procured the Compound Oxygen Treatment for his wife, writes: "I am surprised at finding her so much improved in health. When she began using the Oxygen she could not sit up more than four hours at a time; could not walk a quarter of a mile. Improved from the first inhalation, and now, having used the treatment for six weeks, does considerable work around the house and can walk two miles and not be tired. Raises no more bloody matter. No cough. Sleeps and eats well. All that I can say is, 'Thank God and Drs. Starkey & Palen!'" Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its Nature, Action, and Results, sent free. Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

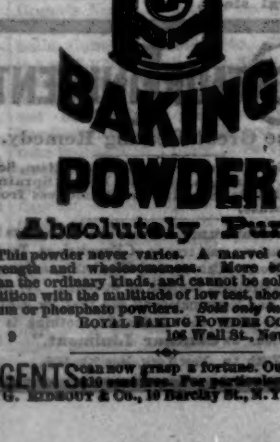
Novel Comparison.—With one of Beck's fine London Microscopes, which magnifies several thousand diameters, H. D. Thatcher, a chemist of 24 years experience, has subjected *June and white winter butter* to a careful comparison. The substances wanting in the white butter have thus been traced out and supplied to perfection with his Orange Butter Color. The microscope is truly an instrument of worth and wonder.

We would call special attention to the advertisement in this issue of Geo. A. Stone, the well-known nurseryman of Rochester, N. Y., who is in want of a few more salesmen to sell his now famous Pocklington Grape, and other new specialties in Nursery Stock.

The venerable Archdeacon Scott, of Dunham, Canada, says that he suffered from Dyspepsia more than twenty-five years, but that three weeks' use of the Peruvian Syrup has benefited him so wonderfully that he can hardly persuade himself of the reality, and people who know him are astonished at the change.

Don't fill the system with quinine, when fever and ague, and malarial fevers, can be much more effectively treated by Ayer's Ague Cure. Warranted to cure.

Special Notices.



Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., New York. 9

AGENTS can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 sent free. For particulars address E. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay St., N.Y. 1y4

A Brave Lady.

She Endures the Pain of a Severe Surgical Operation Without Taking Chloroform.

(From the Courier.)

Mrs. Schoonmaker of Creek Locks, Ulster Co., N. Y., had the misfortune to entirely lose the sight of one of her eyes, through an accident, and endured painful inflammatory action therein for two long years; the other eye finally becoming sympathetically affected, her general health seriously suffering; indeed she was a mere wreck, a walking skeleton. In this terrible strait she consulted Dr. David Kennedy of Rondout, N. Y., who told her at once that the injured eye must be removed. She quietly but firmly said: "All right, Doctor, but don't give me chloroform. Let my husband sit by my side during the operation, and I will neither cry out or stir." The work was done, and the poor woman kept her word. Talk of soldierly courage! This showed greater pluck than it takes to face a hundred guns. To restore her general health and give tone and strength to the system, Dr. Kennedy then gave the "Favorite Remedy," which cleansed the blood and imparted new life to the long suffering woman. She rapidly gained health and strength, and is now well. The "Favorite Remedy" is a priceless blessing to women. No family should be without it. Your druggist has it. If not, send to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. 1m37

Demand it, and taking no other iron preparations except Brown's Iron Bitters. It is the best.

Headache, Costiveness, and Piles, are easily and thoroughly cured by a judicious use of Ayer's Pills.

Married.

In this city, August 19, Henry Day to Louisa M. Ellsworth, both of this city.
In Bristol, Aug. 13, Capt. Charles A. Sproul to Wilda McLain.
In Bath, Aug. 12, Geo. A. Sandford of Windsor, N. S., to Martha Shea.
In Bingham, Aug. 13, Fred L. Pooler to Emma M. Savage.
In Bangor, Aug. 15, Michael Fay of Portland to Margaret E. Shea.
In Boston, Aug. 2, Dr. Howard L. Briggs to Fannie Nickerson of Bangor.
In Cape Rosier, Aug. 10, Samuel Goyans to Katie Paul, both of Brooksville, Me.
In Chester, July 29, Howard Jordan of Medway, to Sephrono Spencer; Chas. J. Beatham to Hattie Twombly.
In Cornish, July 23, Chas. C. Wescott to Elvia Sawyer of Hiram.
In China, Aug. 14, Sumner C. Palmer to Emeline R. Wixson, both of Albion.
In Cape Elizabeth, Aug. 12, Nathaniel P. McInnis of Boston, to Carrie L. Whitehurste of Malden.
In Damariscotta, Aug. 15, A. S. Trask of Nobleboro, to Alison F. Austin of Newcastle.
In Ellsworth, Aug. 12, Capt. Charles M. Alley to Agnes C. Remick; Calvin J. Sargent to Mary L. Royal.
In East Boston, July 19, Geo. H. Robinson, formerly of Thomaston, to Mary Wright.
In Exeter, Aug. 11, Leonard B. Walker to Ava Bemis.
In Freedom, Aug. 9, Frank W. Marden of Boston, to Jennie Ayer.
In Houlton, Aug. 7, Scott Stevenson to Sadie Crillen, both of Woodstock, N. B.
In Hope, Aug. 12, John L. Wilkins of No. Fayette, to Nellie E. Bills.
In Lincoln, Aug. 12, Charles E. Cleaveland to Louisa E. Haynes of Passadumkeag; Aug. 7, Wm. E. Young to Irene S. Ramsey, both of Winn.
In Newton Center, Mass., Aug. 10, Geo. Merriam to Eugenie W. Rennell.
In Northport, Aug. 6, Daniel W. Hodgdon to Mrs. Laura E. Beverage.
In Orono, Aug. 16, Hosea G. Dobis to Ellen J. Debeck.
In Portland, Aug. 12, Horace C. Webster to Alice E. Cook.
In Presque Isle, Aug. 12, W. Everett Carter of Mapleton, to Estella Foster.
In Rockland, Aug. 7, Chas. B. Brown to Elnora Gray; Aug. 9, John E. Doherty to Mabel S. Atherton.
In Searsmont, Aug. 10, Frank C. Procter of Santa Cruz, Cal., to Ellen Fuller of Appleton.
In Skowhegan, Aug. 15, Wm. M. Donaldson to Isabel Lumsden.
In Salem, Aug. 12, Edwin R. Keene of Madrid, to Nellie M. Brown of Kingfield.
In Steuben, Albert C. Phinney to Mary A. Pinkham.
In Taunton, Mass., Aug. 15, Preston L. Kent to Albertine Doane.
In Waterville, Aug. 9, Andrew Amann of St. Louis, Mo., to Lillian DeRocher.
In Winslow, Aug. 16, Melville C. Foss of Brooks, to Annie Williams.
In Winterport, Aug. 14, S. W. Coffren to Susie A. McManus.
In Waldoboro, Aug. 1, Capt. Ernest L. Montgomery of Thomaston, to Abbie E. Stahl.
In West Athens, Aug. 6, Geo. B. Goodwin to Francis J. Moody, both of Brighton.

Died.

In this city, Aug. 16, Mrs. Amelia Chandler, aged 92 years; Aug. 19, Mrs. Sarah B., wife of T. Carleton Hoyt, aged 58½ years.
In Auburn, Aug. 17, Payson T., son of Col. H. M. Sprague, aged 13 months.
In Alna, Aug. 7, David Dodge, aged 40 years; Aug. 5, Abial P. Walker, aged 75 years.
In Benton, Aug. 7, Otis Pratt, aged 75 years.
In Bath, Aug. 10, Capt. Daniel Snow, aged 68½ years; Aug. 11, Lizzie May, daughter of Peter Lynch, aged 4 months; Aug. 13, Warren H., son of T. L. Farnsworth, aged 8 months; Aug. 15, Mrs. Chester M. Oliver, aged 26 years.
In Bangor, Aug. 13, Mrs. A. Battles; Aug. 13, Mrs. Catherine Towle Ayer, aged 74½ years; Aug. 15, Dea. John L. Parker, formerly of Dedham, aged 75 years; Aug. 16, R. W. Gardner of Springfield, Mass., aged 30½ years; Aug. 12, Mrs. Linda S. Bickmore, aged 58½ years; Aug. 19, Mrs. Jane Burke, aged 73 years.
In Boston, Aug. 12, Dr. Howard L. Briggs.
In Belfast, Aug. 14, Mrs. Brien McCabe, aged 50 years.
In Bristol, Aug. 7, Emily Lewis, aged 36½ years; Aug. 8, Horatio Fossett, aged 60 years.
In Caribou, Aug. 10, Ines, daughter of S. D. Reynolds, aged 1½ years.
In Dresden, Aug. 17, Laura, wife of Walton Goud, aged 30½ years.
In Deer Island, Aug. 10, Wm. Price, aged 82 years; Aug. 15, Wealthy A. McNeill, aged 38½ years.
In Ellsworth, Aug. 8, Mrs. Hannah Bickford, aged 73½ years.
In Eastport, June 10, Sydney, aged 3 years, Aug. 10, Howard, aged 8½ years, children of John Henderson.
In East Hardwick, Vt., Aug. 15, Katie, daughter of Michael Sheehan.
In Farmington, Aug. 1, Mrs. Susan Reed Weathern, aged 85½ years.
In Fairfield, Aug. 12, Mrs. Sarah B. Osborne, aged 80½ years.
In Hampden, Aug. 15, Willie E. Turner, aged 1° years.
In Harmony, Aug. 12, Mrs. Mortimer Pingree, aged 34 years.
In Islesboro, Aug. 15, Mrs. Joseph Gilkey, aged 81½ years.
In Lubec, July 30, Elizabeth Card, aged 26½ years.
In Millbridge, Aug. 12, Mrs. John S. Campbell, aged 43 years.
In Monroe, Aug. 5, Moody Mansur, aged 80 years; James Paul, aged 70 years.
In Newcastle, Aug. 11, Lemuel E. Hall, aged 49½ years.
In Nobleboro, Aug. 6, Mrs. Phronia Huntington, aged 31½ years; Aug. 9, Frederick Clark, aged 80 years.
In Orrington, Aug. 17, V. R. Cooper, aged 86½ years.
In Perry, July 26, Mrs. Mary Hudson, aged 66 years.
In Pawtucket, Aug. 9, Mrs. V. W. Ames, formerly of Belfast, aged 26½ years.
In Portland, Aug. 14, Harrold C., son of Adolph F. Olson, aged 11 months.
In Richmond, Aug. 11, Samuel Toothaker, aged 69½ years.
In Stockton, Cal., Aug. 3, Mrs. Paul H. Boggs, formerly of Warren, aged 44 years.
In St. George, July 31, Alexander A. Allen, aged 24 years.
In So. Berwick, July 29, Chas. A. Milliken, aged 22 years; Aug. 5, Thomas Colley, aged 90 years; Aug. 8, Daniel G. Nason, aged 46½ years.
In Salem, Mass., Aug. 16, Antonio F., son of Joseph Cassiola, aged 8 months.
In Somerville, Mass., Aug. 16, John Lakin, aged 68 years.
In Springfield, Aug. 12, Sadie K., youngest daughter of Frances A. Reed, aged 22 years.
In So. Warren, Aug. 12, John Peters, Jr., aged 39½ years.
In Sangerville, Aug. 9, Anna I. Knowlton, aged 23½ years.
In Trescott, July 27, Elmira Jones, aged 54½ years; Aug. 2, Frank Allen, aged aged 7 years.
In Waldoboro, Aug. 6, Mrs. Meaubec Standish, aged 43 years.
In Warren, Aug. 8, Mrs. Charles Storer, aged 48 years.
In Woolwich, Aug. 16, Mrs. Jane Walker, aged 78 years; James Lilly, aged 60 years.
In Winslow, Aug. 12, Mrs. Thomas Spaulding, aged 29½ years.
In Waterville, July 28, J. T. Getchell, formerly of Skowhegan, aged 41 years.

19th New England Fair,

AT WORCESTER, MASS.,

September, 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1882.

$15,000 IN PREMIUMS.
$1,500 IN TROTTING PURSES.
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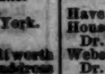
In Dresden, Me., contains 50 acres, with a cottage house, barn and hennery; pleasantly situated on the Eastern river, a branch of the Kennebec—has a fine view of the same; 300 cords mixed wood, two pastures well watered, land runs to the river where vessels pass right by the shore; has an excellent ice privilege; central to market by land or by water; bad health is the only cause of selling. Or will exchange for a smaller place with good buildings, on the western side of the Kennebec, near some village. For further information inquire of WM. H. RILEY, on the premises. 13140

FARM FOR SALE.



A desirable farm for sale, situated in Windsor, containing 130 acres, good buildings, well supplied with water; a fine timber lot; said farm formerly occupied by Col. Jameson. Also Farming tools—Hay, draught horse, &c. Apply on premises or address A. L. STIMPSON, South Windsor, Maine. Terms liberal. 40tf

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Have formed a Co-partnership; office, Old Cushnoc House, 38 Winthrop St., as before.
Dr. Crooker's office hours, in the forenoon; Dr. Webster's, afternoon.
Dr. Crooker's residence, at Augusta House; Dr. Webster's, corner State and Green Streets. 4140

AYER'S
CHERRY PECTORAL.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs; none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling and unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has well proven its efficacy in a forty years fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Pectoral a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your Cherry Pectoral saved me. Horace Fairbrother."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter, my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the Cherry Pectoral had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude?
Sincerely yours, Mrs. Emma Gedney."
159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. Yours truly,
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, '82. A. J. Crane.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success; I was cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Joseph Walden."
Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles.
Palestine, Texas, Apr. 22, 1882. E. Bragdon.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it will *always cure* when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. 40

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LA DOW'S JOINTED PULVERIZING DISC HARROW.

Is admitted by progressive farmers everywhere, to be the most valuable farm implement ever produced. No other form of harrow has ever met with such universal favor, and no other will so thoroughly pulverize and prepare the soil for sowing and covering seed. Tens of thousands in use. Every one fully warranted.
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DR. COSTELLO'S
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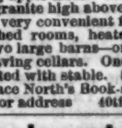
IF YOU WANT
A Medicine to cure diseases of the scalp, use DR. COSTELLO'S HAIR REVIVER.

IF YOU WANT
A preparation to keep the hair from falling off, and promote its growth, use DR. COSTELLO'S HAIR REVIVER.

IF YOU WANT
A preparation that will turn faded hair to its original hue, use DR. COSTELLO'S HAIR REVIVER.

IF YOU WANT
A preparation that will do any or all of the above and is perfectly harmless, use DR. COSTELLO'S HAIR REVIVER. It has been analyzed by the best chemists in the country and pronounced perfectly harmless and safe to be used by persons of the most delicate constitution. Prof. J. M. DANIELS, Proprietor, Lewiston, Me. 1y40†

NODHEIM FARM FOR SALE.



This Jersey stock farm is situated on the east side of the Kennebec river, 2 1-4 miles from the centre of the City of Augusta, on the river, or Bangor road. It contains about 125 acres, about 60 of which is a light clayey loam, as good as any in the Kennebec valley. Plenty of pasture, wood, timber and water; one fine mineral spring; land near buildings excellent for market gardening; cuts 60 to 70 tons hay; 50 bearing apple trees. There is a large deposit of the finest granite high above an intervale of 16 or 12 acres; very convenient for a quarry. One house of 12 finished rooms, heated by furnace; connected with two large barns—one 83x45, one 36x40 feet—both having cellars. One house of 8 finished rooms, connected with stable. School house close by. Call at Horace North's Book-store, my house on Grove street, or address 40tf J. W. NORTH, M. D.

Stock and Fruit Farm
For Sale.

Situated in the west part of York county on York river, containing 225 acres of superior land; eight miles from Portsmouth, 7 from Dover, N. H. 2 houses, very large barn, very pleasantly located in the midst of a very good farming community. Needs to be seen to be appreciated. Terms liberal. W. G. SHATTUCK, York, Aug. 16. P. O. Address Kittery Depot, Me.

Examination of Teachers.

Candidates for certificates to teach in the district schools of Augusta, will be examined in the Grammar school room of the Williams district school house, Middle street, on Monday, Aug. 28, at 9 o'clock, A. M. For any further information address C. F. WARNER, 1140 Augusta, Me.

Kennebec County.—*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of August, 1882.*

A Petition having been presented to the Court, asking that William Springer of Augusta, may be appointed Administrator on the estate of Julia E. Springer, late of Augusta, deceased; the former Administratrix having failed to perform her duty:

Ordered, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
Attest: Howard Owen, *Register.* 40*

Notice is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administratrix on the estate of Henry A. DeWitt, late of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
Aug. 14, 1882. 40* ELLEN D. DEWITT.

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The oldest in the State. Penmanship, Book-keeping, Com'l Law. L. A. Gray, A.M. 4140

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The well-known Caleb Nichols place, in Vassalboro', Me., one and three-fourths miles from depot; one and one-fourth miles from North Vassalboro' Factory Village; one mile from Oak Grove Seminary. Tuition in the district free. About 50 acres of good tillage and woodland. Buildings ample and good. Location fine, dry and healthy; all combining to make it a pleasant and desirable home, especially for a family with children to educate. Inquire of G. TABER, Vassalboro, Me. 46tf

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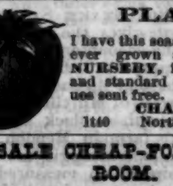

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(Wood's Patent.)
Will shell one bushel of Corn in 4 minutes. Write for circulars and full particulars to manufacturers, Lehigh Valley Emery Wheel Co. Lehighton, Pa. 13t38

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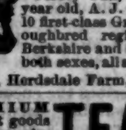

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Jersey bull, "Duke of Canton," one year old, A. J. C. C. Register, No. 7296. 10 first-class Grade Jersey cows, 3 thoroughbred registered Ayrshire cows, Berkshire and small Yorkshire pigs of both sexes, all ages. Address WARREN WARD, Herdsdale Farm, Canton, Me. 3m40

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Farmers write us that it is
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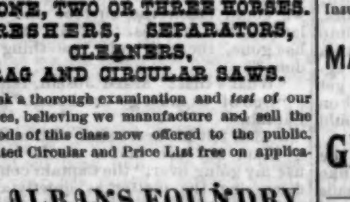

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Invigorates without intoxicating, cures disorders of the bowels, stomach, liver, kidneys and lungs, and is the greatest strength restorer and blood purifier, and
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We have hundreds of Useful Articles which we cannot specify.
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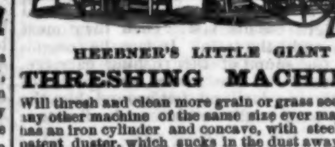
Railway Horse Power
—WITH PATENT—
Level Tread and Speed Regulator!



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Will thresh and clean more grain or grass seed than any other machine of the same size ever made. It has an iron cylinder and concave, with steel teeth, patent duster, which sucks in the dust away from the feeder. Self-adjusting wind regulator for the fan.
Drag and Circular Saw Machine. The Iron Union Feed Ensilage Cutter. Made only by
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April 17, 1882. 29tf

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.
Examinations for admission to college will be held at the Cleveland Lecture Room, Massachusetts Hall, on Friday, July 14th, and on Friday, Sept. 29th, at 8.30 A. M.
JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN.
Brunswick, July 4th, 1882. 13t34

Maine Central Railroad.
Arrangement of Trains in effect June 18th, 1882.

Passenger trains for Portland and Boston and intermediate stations leave Bangor at 6.45 A. M. (Accom.,) 7.45 A. M. (Express,) and 8 P. M. Leave Dexter 6.30 A. M., 8.10 P. M.; leave Belfast at 6.05 A. M., 2.20. P. M.; leave Skowhegan 7.55 A. M., 2.55 P. M.; leave Farmington 8.20 A. M.; leave Waterville 5.15 A. M. (Mondays,) 9.43 A. M. (Accom.,) 9.20 A. M. (Express,) 3.10 P. M., 10.08 P. M.; leave Augusta 6.00 A. M., 9.32 A. M., (Accom.,) 9.57 A. M., (Express,) 2.55 P. M., 11.00 P. M.; leave Gardiner 6.17 A. M., 9.42 A. M., (Accom.,) 10.15 A. M., (Express,) 3. 15 P. M., 11.20 P. M.; leave Lewiston Upper station, 7.20 A. M., 11.15 A. M., 4.15 P. M.; Lower station, 6.35 A. M., 10.30 A. M., 11.20 P. M.; leave Bath 6.55 A. M., 10.38 A. M., 4.00 P. M.; leave Brunswick 7 25 A. M., 11.15 A. M., 4.30 P. M., 12.35 A. M.

For Bangor, St. John and intermediate stations leave Portland 1.20 P. M., and 11.15 P. M.; leave Brunswick 2.40 P. M. (Express,) 2.45 P. M., (Accom.,) and 12.45 A. M.; leave Bath 2.05 P. M.; leave Lewiston, upper station, 2.45 P. M., 11.05 P. M. (Mixed,) leave Lewiston, Lower station, 10.20 A. M., 11.20 P. M.; leave Gardiner 3.24 P. M. (Express,) 3.41 P. M. (Accom.,) and 1.54 A. M.; leave Augusta 3.42 P. M. (Express,) 4.00 P. M. (Accom.,) 3.20 A. M.; leave Waterville 7.00 A. M. (Mixed,) 4.20 P. M. (Express,) 4.45 P. M. (Accom.,) and 3.15 A. M.; leave Skowhegan 2.55 P. M.; leave Belfast 6.05 A. M. and 2.20 P. M.; leave Dexter 6.30 A. M., 4.15 P. M.

The Express trains noted above, stop between Bangor and Brunswick at Gardiner, Hallowell, Augusta, Waterville, Burnham and Newport only.
The morning trains from Portland, Augusta and Lewiston, and mid day trains from Portland and Bangor connect with Knox & Lincoln R. R.
Local trains on main line and branches run as usual, for time of which reference may be had to the posters at stations and other public places.
Night trains run every night including Sundays.
PAYSON TUCKER, Sup't.
Portland, June 10th, 1882.

For Boston.
STEAMER
STAR OF THE EAST.
Will, until further notice, run as follows:
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For further particulars inquire of
W. J. TUCK, Agent, Augusta.
OFFICE 161 WATER ST.
H. FULLER, Hallowell, General Agent.
Augusta, April 10, 1882. 22tf

DR. S. J. NEWELL.

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Cured C. B. Hunt of Palpitation, Dyspepsia and Night Sweats.
Mrs. Thomas Brown, Richmond, of Consumption.
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Cured B. C. Campbell, China, of Bleeding.
Cured Samuel Tarr, Bowdoin, of Liver Complaint.
Saved Mrs. Mary J. Moore's life, after all aid had failed.
Cured Mary Lowell, Newburg, of Dropsy.
Cured Daniel H. Weeks, Vassalboro', Scrofula on leg.
Cured David Y. Post, China, Kidney trouble.
Cured Mrs. W. Kaler, Waldoboro', of Spasmodic Asthma.
Dr. Newell's medicine has saved me from the grave—Edmund Dow, Litchfield.
Cured Mrs. H. C. Richardson of Cancerous Tumor.
Mrs. Adeline Choate, Windsor, Milk Leg.
Cured George W. Morrell of Liver, Heart and Kidney trouble.
Mrs. James Foy, Pittston, Sick Headache.
Mrs. Nathan Rodland, China, Sick Headache and Catarrh. 38

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Poetry.

The Place.

"I go to prepare a place for you."
O Holy Place, we know not where thou art!
Tho' one by one our well beloved dead
From our close claspings to thy bliss have fled,
They send no word back to the breaking heart;
And if, perchance, their angels fly athwart
The silent reaches of the abyss wide-spread,
The swift white wings we see not, but instead
Only the dark veil keeping us apart.
Where did He set thee, O thou Holy Place?
Made He a new world in the heavens high hung,
So far from this poor earth that even yet
Its first glad rays have traversed not the space,
That lies between us, nor their glory flung
On the old home its sons can ne'er forget?

But what if on some fair, auspicious night,
Like that on which the shepherds watched of old,
Down from far skies, in burning splendor rolled,
Shall stream the radiance of a star more bright
Than ever yet hath shone on mortal sight—
Swift shafts of light, like javelins of gold,
Wave after wave of glory manifold,
From zone to zenith flooded all the night?
And what if, moved by some strange inner sense,
Some instinct, than pure reason wiser far,
Some swift clairvoyance that annuleth space,
All men shall cry, with sudden joy intense,
"Behold, behold this new resplendent star—
Our heaven at last revealed!—the Place!
the Place!"

Our Story Teller.

MR. JOSIAH SMITH'S BALLOON JOURNEY.

It would be an injustice to Josiah to suppose that he limited his quest in the field of knowledge to that particular portion indicated by his honored association with a distinguished society. He was proud in his modest way, if the paradox be permitted, when he produced his card, on which was engraved "Josiah Smith, F. R. S. A." Also it was known among his friends that casual references to his great work on "Under ground England" were not displeasing to him. But, as he was wont to say, "The surest way of finding either mental or bodily recreation is to seek it in fresh fields of labor."

Thus it came to pass one evening in the spring of this year that Josiah, having shut himself in all day with the determination to make up for lost time, found he had, with the aid of cold tea and wet bandages, added as much as half a page to his great work. Feeling the need of a little change of thought and association, he had availed himself of an invitation kindly sent to him to join the meeting of an aeronautic society. Josiah had listened with profound attention to the various speeches made, and had thought, really, when he had a little more time he would devote it to the fascinating science of aeronautics.

Among the guests of the society, and indeed the hero of the evening, was Capt. Mulberry, the famous guardsman, who devoted much natural talent and a considerable portion of his life to the endeavor either to kill or hopelessly maim himself. Having tried most things, he had taken to ballooning, as offering the largest amount of risk in the least possible space of time. He had been up in all kinds of balloons in all possible circumstances, and had come down in various ways. He had just now achieved a great feat, making a voyage from the Grampian Hills to the Orkney Islands. The society, desiring to do him honor, had invited him to this meeting, and Josiah had heard him describe his perilous voyage.

"A mere nothing," he said; "perhaps a little difficult going, but nothing at all coming back. The difficulty in going out was to drop on the Orkneys. The place is so small that when you are up in the air it looks as if you might as well try to drop on a pin's point. But, after all, it was nothing—a mere nothing, gentlemen, I assure you. Any one of you could have done the same."

Every one in the room was delighted, not less with the Captain's gallantry than with his modesty. Many marvelling stories of his escapes were retailed.

Josiah regarded the Captain with fresh interest after the recital of his remarkable ascent, and it was not diminished by further tales he heard. One related to his reception by an illustrious Personage. After his journey to Orkney the I. P. had sent for him immediately on his return to town. The Captain had put on his uniform and gone cheerfully. He had heard so much of his feat that he began to think there was really something creditable in it, and fancied the Illustrious Personage might be going to bestow upon him some recognition of the service he had done in blazoning abroad the pluck of the British soldier. On the contrary, he found the Illustrious Personage almost speechless with wrath, and stuffed with oaths like plums in a Christmas pudding.

"What—what's the meaning of this fly-ing by night, sir?" he cried, turning a flaming visage upon the contrite Captain. "You'll be going around with a circus next, riding five horses at a time, or walking round a ring to show your muscle. I hope I shall hear no more of this sort of thing. Such goings-on bring disgrace upon the army and discredit upon its officers. Stop at home, sir, and get into what mischief you like. Go and idle your time at playing cards or worse; but don't be playing these pranks any more. Did you ever see me in a balloon, sir? Did you ever hear of me skirmishing round the world in search of adventure?"

The Illustrious Personage drew himself up to full height, and swelled visibly before the eyes of the Captain as he angrily put these questions, garnished with many ejaculations. He knew that our army swore terribly in Flanders, and was nothing if not a soldier.

"Your Royal Highness cannot blame us if we sometimes go out of our way to get into danger," said the Captain saluting. "Your Royal Highness has much to answer for by inflaming us with the memory of Inkerman. How can we sit still or lounge about in our peaceful homes when we think of you on that day?"

"Tut, tut!" said the Illustrious Personage, spluttering down like a fire on which a bucket of water had been flung, "that was a different thing. But come and dine with me to-night; only drive up in a hansom, don't arrive in a balloon."

And the Illustrious Personage, what with enjoyment of the joke, and what with muscular effort to suppress his laughter, nearly brought about a vacancy in the highest rank of the army.

All this was doubtless as true as the story about the exit from the Spanish farmhouse. But it pleased the company, and was only one of a dozen stories they told about the Captain, who was chiefly longing to be out where he could smoke a cigar.

When the meeting came to an end, Josiah walked along Pall Mall meditating on these things, and on the comparative obscurity of the work he had assigned to himself. While others were soaring in high places, he was burrowing underground. Both were in search of knowledge. Both desired to benefit their fellowmen. But of the two Josiah felt that the aeronauts had the advantage of the undergrounders. It was too late for him to think of striking out a new path; but he thought that if he had to begin life again he would soar.

While pondering on these matters, he was startled by a heavy hand laid upon his shoulder, and heard a cheery voice exclaim:

"Got a match in your pocket, old man?"

He looked up, and there, somewhere on a level with the lantern in the neighboring lamppost, was the genial face of Capt. Mulberry.

"No," said Josiah, "I'm sorry I have not."

"Don't smoke, eh? You don't look the kind of old boy to have any pleasant vices. I saw you in the Balloon Society's rooms just now, and rather took a fancy to you."

"You are very kind," Josiah said, blushing up to the roots of his hair and happier days the roots of his hair had been. "I am sure I feel it a great honor."

"If you don't mind me saying so I think you're the innocentest looking old boy I have seen in a day's ride. I like innocence, particularly when combined with middle age. It is the rarest thing in the world. I hope you'll come and dine with me some night at my club."

"I should like it very much indeed," said Josiah. "We are close at my rooms—just here in King street I live—and if you would step in you might light your cigar."

"Thanks, I will. You won't mind me making up to you in this way, but 'pon my honor, I took such a liking to your face, seeing it among that mass of humbug where we were just now, that I was going to speak to you then, only I could not get near you."

Josiah was in a tremor of delight which presently subsided into a soft glow of contentment, as the Captain, stretching himself out on one of the couch as he could find in the little room, not only lit his cigar, but praised Josiah's claret and told him a good deal more of his balloon adventures than he had communicated to the eminent society in whose rooms they had met.

"By the way," he said, "I am going to make a balloon excursion to-morrow. I didn't mention it to the society because the fellows gab so. There'd be a great crowd round, and I'd only have been hampered. When you mean work, the less you say about it beforehand the better. That is what I have always found. Ever up in a balloon?"

"No," said Josiah, "but I should very much like to go."

He had drank a whole tumbler of claret in honor of his distinguished company, and being accustomed to more moderate measure, had begun to think going up in a balloon was after all a mere ordinary performance.

"What do you ride?" asked the Captain, looking him up and down, as if either about to measure him for a suit of clothes, or considering where he could most advantageously plant a blow from his ox-foot-like fist.

"A pony—at least, I used to ride a pony when I was at home; but that is a long time ago, and I have not ridden much since."

"I mean, what do you weigh," said the Captain, laughing.

"A little over ten stone."

"Is it possible! why, I pull the scales at seventeen stun. I'd give something to be your weight. Think of the ballast you might take up with you!"

"Is that an important thing?" Josiah asked, his old instinct of gaining knowledge manifesting itself.

"It's simply everything. That's how I managed to get over to the Orkneys. These fellows that go up in balloons which they fit up like first-floor rooms, and take every-thing with them except a feather bed, don't know anything about it. They go fumbling round with a few pounds of ballast, and when they get into a wrong current there they stick. Now, between you and me, Mr. Smith, I don't mind telling you my secret of successful ballooning. Take as much ballast as you can carry, and when you get stuck in a calm or carried off by a wrong current, out goes your ballast, up you shook, get into another current, and there you are. Ten stun?" he murmured, gazing wistfully upon the spare figure of his host. "There ought to be a good deal done with that. Tell you what, old chappie, you shall come with me to-morrow."

Josiah had been a few moments ago possessed with a burning desire to go up in a balloon, but at these words the fire went out and he felt a cold chill steal over his body. Still, he would like to go; but not to-morrow. If it were next month or next week it would be different. But to-morrow was so sudden.

"I rather fancy I have an engagement to-morrow," he said, producing his pocket diary and anxiously gazing on it in the month of December.

"Nonsense!" said the Captain, laying his large hand on Josiah's shoulder, conveying to him an impression that if he pleased he could take him up, put him in his coat-tail pocket, walk off and think no about him till he landed him in a balloon. "You have no engagement, and if you had you couldn't find it by holding your book upside down. You come along with me. There's not the slightest danger, and it's not every man who has crossed the Channel in a balloon."

"The Channel!" cried Josiah feebly. He had thought of some little excursion. Perhaps in the fields some ten or twenty miles off. "I don't think I would like to start with the Channel. Suppose we begin somewhere else, and try the Channel later on. It will be better—if anything happened, you know—to have the water warm."

"Nonsense," said the Captain cheerily, "we shall never be nearer the water than 2000 feet. We'll dine in Paris to-morrow night, and I'll take you to the Closerie after dinner. It will do them good to see you there. Now that's settled, and you'd better go to bed straight off. We'll have to be up early in the morning to catch the mail train for Dover. I've got my balloon there all ready, and we'll start about noon.

This was perfectly horrible. Josiah felt as if it was a hideous nightmare, and he had a dim hope that presently he would wake up. But there was the burly form of the Captain before him, with his third cigar sticking in the side of his mouth, and a pleased smile upon his face in anticipation of this new adventure.

"I'll see you don't oversleep yourelf," were the last words of the Captain as he went off. "I'll look you up and take you down to Victoria in my hansom. You needn't bring any luggage, you know. A clean shirt and a tooth-brush will see you through."

Thus faded Josiah's last and secret hope, one he had cherished even while he drank his claret and talked boldly of aerial navigation. He might, he had thought, peradventure oversleep himself and miss the train, and all would be well. But the Captain would call for him, and there was plainly no escape. However, he had made his will, and "Underground England" was in such an advanced stage that it might be published as "a fragment," and would be sufficient to carry his name down to remotest posterity. Whether it were not sweeter to woo public desire, to give so much and no more, or to satiate the public with the full accomplishment, was a nice question. Josiah was inclined to think that, other things being equal, he would just as soon live to finish his work. But he had no choice, and after all the voyage might end happily. Captain Mulberry was an experienced aeronaut. He had never failed, and why should failure be probable now?

Josiah made up his mind on this point, that if they got safely across in the balloon he would come back by the ordinary boat express. Having once shown his possession of a daring spirit, he would be at liberty to declare his preference for a more prosaic mode of locomotion.

How he got down to Dover he did not know. It all seemed a dream. He had a dim recollection of the Captain thundering at his door at six o'clock in the morning. He remembered lighting his Etna, making his cup of coffee, and thinking as he read it it might be his last. Then they must have caught the train. And he remembered the sound of the rushing carriage in the darkness of the tunnel, the glories of the dawning day, and felt around him the bright fresh sunlit air that made all nature glad.

They drove out to the balloon, which was down by the gas-works, and was now in the process of inflation. Josiah looked upon the monster, swerving first to the right and then to the left, and threatening every moment to break the bonds and go off on its own account. If it only would, what a happy conclusion of this painful adventure! But he could see there was no such danger. The Captain was as cheerful as a lark, and looked with kindling eye upon what Josiah regarded as his coffin.

Still it was no use complaining. A man must die some time, and though there is much to be said against the process being hurried on by unnecessary attempts to cross the Channel in a balloon when there are well-appointed packet boats, it was no use arguing the matter.

There settled upon Josiah a certain mood of quiet despair. What must be, must, and it was better to avoid a scene and imitate as closely as possible the cheerful indifference of the Captain.

"Now, old man, in you tumble," said the Captain. "Sit down in the bottom of the car, and keep quiet till we get past this stack of chimneys. If we run into them it's all over; but I reckon I'll take you clear."

This was a cheerful thing to start with, Josiah had pictured all kind or horrors, ending with the certainity of dropping into the sea. That they should begin with a stack of chimneys was an unexpected aggravation. Still, it might be better to get it over at once. At least, he would fall on land, and the fragments picked up would receive Christian burial.

He got in and sat in the bottom of the car. It was, he noticed, something like one of the coracles of which he had made mention in the preface to "Underground England." There was something good in that. The Romans made long journeys in the coracle. If the worst came to the worst they might float.

Even in the anguish of his mind he couldn't help wondering when Capt. Mulberry would think coming in. He had never before noticed how tall he was, till he found the necessity of getting out of the way of his legs as he crept between the ropes into the car.

"Let go all!" cried the Captain, and Josiah felt his last hour had come. He held his breath and stuck to his hat, being under the impression that the whole affair would shoot up into the air like a rocket. He expected to be deafened with the noise of whizzing through the air, and to be half suffocated with the rush of wind. Looking over to get a last look of the nature of the soil on which he would presently fall, Josiah beheld a strange sight. As far as he knew, the balloon was motionless, while the earth was dropping rapidly from under them, as if the laws of gravitation were irrevocably broken and the world was falling through space.

"Done it!" he heard the Captain cry, in a voice that sounded curiously remote.

"Done what?" said Josiah, anxiously looking up.

"Why, the chimney-stack. Just cleared it by half a foot. I didn't like to say much about it, but it was a pretty near touch-and-go affair. That's the worst of filling a balloon. You must do it near a gas-works, and there's sure to be a stack of chimneys at hand."

It seemed but a moment since Josiah had heard the Captain call out, "Let go all," and there they were in space a thousand feet above the level of the land, sailing calmly along in bright warm sunlight, and with no more motion perceptible than if they were still sitting in the room in King street—that cherished apartment which Josiah felt his eye would never light on more.

"This won't do," said the Captain sternly; "we've got into a wrong current, and instead of going out to sea are going inland. In half an hour we'll be at Canterbury."

"I have heard Canterbury's a very nice old town," said Josiah. "It wouldn't be a bad place to stop at; and if the wind's contrary to-day, it might be right to-morrow."

The Captain said nothing, and Josiah, looking up to see what effect his suggestion might have noticed for the first time that on a face usually smiling there were possibilities of a fixed, hard look, which it evidently didn't beseem him to trifle with.

The balloon slowly rose till the aneroid marked a height of 1500 feet, and still the current drove it steadily northwest. Looking southward, Josiah beheld a sight which if it were the last he was ever to look upon was at least a glorious glimpse of earth and sea and sky. There lay the channel gleaming in the sun, a broad belt of silver. Beyond it, like a cloud, was France. Dover had vanished even to the crest of the castle on the hill. But Josiah knew where it was by the mist that lay over it and shone white in the rays of the sun. Save for this patch of mist, which seemed to drift with the wayfarers far below the car, there was nothing to obscure the range of vision. Josiah could not at any time make out forms of people. The white highways that ran like threads among the fields, and the tiny openings in the towns and villages which he guessed were streets, seemed to belong to a dead world, for nowhere was there trace of living persons. The strange stillness that brooded over the earth was made more uncanny by cries that occasionally seemed to float in the air around them, behind, before, to the right or to the left, but never exactly beneath the car. They could hear people calling, and the Captain said that they were running after the balloon, and cheering. But Josiah could distinguish no moving thing. Yes; once he saw some peasants running across a field below and pointed them out to the Captain. The Captain laughed, a strange, resonant laugh it seemed in this upper stillness, and said there were "a lot of chestnut horses capering about in the field." A flock of sheep in another field huddled together looked like a heap of limestone chippings. As for the fields, stretched out in limitless extent, far as the eye could reach, they seemed to form a gigantic carpet, with patterns, chiefly diamond-shape, and in color shaded from bright emerald to russet brown.

"This won't do," the Captain said again, and seizing a bag of ballast he emptied it. The balloon swiftly rose and the aneroid marked 2500 feet. The villages seemed mere spots, the pattern of the carpet grew blurred. Nothing was distinguishable—nor horse, nor sheep, nor any living thing.

"Hurrah!" cried the Captain, "we're off now."

Nearer and nearer came the belt of silver which seemed to girdle continent and island. They were close to Dover, and could make out the town. Josiah, knowing well the irregular plan on which the streets are laid out, was struck by the manner in which, as he looked down upon from this height, they formed themselves into beautifully defined curves, straight lines, and other highly respectable geometrical shapes. They saw the castle and the pier with what seemed to be ants crawling on it. A little patch of color, that to Josiah looked like a ball of scarlet worsted, was, the Captain said, a sentry on duty.

"There's Shakespeare's Cliff," said the Captain.

It was passing strange and at first dreadful, this intense silence and this strangeness of the familiar earth. But after a while everything like terror passed away from Josiah's mind. He began to feel the fascination of the thing. His spirits rose as he breathed the delicious air, and when the Captain said, "We are over the water now," and Josiah looking down discerned the sea gleaming below, he could have clapped his hands for joy.

"This is splendid," said the Captain. "We'll be across in half an hour. We'll catch the train for Paris, and you shall dance at the Closerie to-night."

Josiah didn't dance, and didn't know what the Closerie might be. But he was not without susceptibility to the allurement of a quiet dinner in Paris, and began to feel the exhilaration of having accomplished a perilous feat, so which he would certainly drag in some reference in his great work. It would be difficult, as he was as far as possible remote from "Underground England." But it might be worked in in some antithetical sentence.

After they had sailed for the space of ten minutes the Captain, who had been throwing out bits of paper, which they left far behind, suddenly said a bad word.

"We are becalmed," he continued, and truly the bits of paper flung out floated idly round the baloon. "We must get out of this."

He cast out the ballast, bag after bag, and higher still they soared. Nevertheless, whenever they flung out the bits of paper, they floated here and there, some dropping back into the car.

"There goes our last bag of ballast," said the Captain, "and may luck go with it. We are lost men unless it takes us into another current, which let us hope won't be coming from the east and carry us out into the Atlantic."

Up again they mounted, how many feet Josiah didn't know, but he was sensible of a certain iciness in the atmosphere, a tingling of the blood at his finger ends, and a strong disposition to bleed at the nose. The Captain threw out some more bits of paper. Still they circled round and round, dropping into the car or failing to the distant earth now utterly out of sight. They had passed through the cloud, and had above them a chilly sun and an intensely blue sky. Below them were the clouds, on one of which was clearly caught the shadow of the balloon. Josiah, when he moved his head, could see an answering motion on the cloud, and recognized the reflection of the Captain's figure sitting stern and erect, with his teeth set and a look of angry determination on his brow.

This frightened Josiah a great deal more than the Captain's words. He felt that they were lost in space, and that the end must speedily come. This terrible look on the Captain's face made him sick at heart.

"Mr. Smith," said the Captain, speaking scarcely above a whisper, but his voice sounded as if he were shouting from the housetops, "you told me you were not a married man."

"Yes," said Josiah, "I have never been married."

"That is so, or I should not have asked you to come with me. And you have not many relations?"

"No," said Josiah, "there are not many that would miss me."

"Very well," said the Captain: "I have; but your life is as valuable as mine, and I would hold you at no disadvantage. The fact is we are becalmed, and there is no prospect of any wind reaching us here till night, when we shan't know which way we are drifting, and may as well give up all hope. There is wind over head, I know, and it is going straight for France. If we could get up another thousand feet, or so, we could catch the current and be over land in ten minutes. But all the ballast has gone, there is only one thing to be done!"

"What's that?" asked Josiah, faintly.

"One of us must go overboard," said the Captain:

Josiah felt his heart sink within him.

"I am not sure that it would be much use my going over," the Captain continued, discussing the matter as quietly as if he were arranging what they should have for dinner. "I'm such a thundering weight, you'd shoot up till you bumped your head against Jupiter; and besides you would not know what to do with the balloon if I was gone. Still, I think we should have equal chances. Now, I'll give you the first chance. You get hold of me and try to push me over. If I go, you will find the balloon shoot up; but don't be frightened, you'll be all right in a bit, and can let out a few feet of gas. If you can't get me over—well, I must try to get you over. Hold on a bit till I light a cigar."

In the calm, still air the Captain struck a light, bending low in the car to avoid contact of flame and gas, lit the end of a cigar, and lighted it. Josiah, shaking with terror, could see in the shadow of the balloon on the cloud the smoke curling up from the cigar and lazily spreading itself out.

"Now, old chappie," said the Captain, "I'm ready. Heave hard, and over I go."

What was the use of disputing with a man like this? Josiah never had been inclined to fight with men of strong will. He was certain he could not move the Captain, but he was able to try, and try he did. He got one foot over the car, the Captain encouraging him and cheerfully smoking.

"Very well done, old man. A few more tugs and over we go. I'll just have time to finish my cigar before I get to the bottom."

Josiah tugged and tugged till he felt the warm blood rushing through his veins and his breath came short. But though he might move one of the Captain's colossal legs, which seemed to his disordered fancy to be the size of the Monument, he could do no more. The Captain sat passive, encouraging him by every kindly phrase he could think of. But it was of no use, and after ten minutes' violent struggling, Josiah threw himself back in the car.

"Very sorry, old man," said the Captain, with a tone of unmistakable sincerity. "Thought once you'd have done it; but I've got a little out of training lately and run up half a stun. Now I must see what I can do with you."

First of all he tore off some slips of paper and threw them out. Josiah looked at them with hungry eyes. Round and round they spun, falling back into the car or dropping to the world beyond the clouds. There was no hope of movement for the balloon.

"Well, Mr. Smith, it's your turn now. I must see what I can do. It's not nice for either of us, but it would be no nicer to stay here and be starved to death or blown out to sea. You won't feel anything after the first rush. Good-by. I am sorry there will be no opportunity of my communicating with you as to the result of this interesting experiment. I don't suppose," the Captain added, his love of scientific research increasing his unfeigned regret for the inconvience Josiah was about to suffer, "that ever before ten stun was dropped out of a car in a lump. I reckon I'll get as high as most people have been. Now, if you've any message just hand it over. If I can do anything for you in King-street or anywhere else you may depend upon me."

"No," said Josiah, gulping down a rising sob; "if you will only say I went off bravely and didn't flinch that will be all. Perhaps you might write a few lines by way of preface to 'Underground England,' pointing out that I died in the interest of science."

"Certainly, my dear fellow, it shall be done," said the Captain, with quite a glow of honest energy. "If you'd like a little monument or anything of that sort, I'll see it's run up. Now, over you go. Time's getting on, and I don't want to miss the Paris train. Give us a shake of your paw, then shut your eyes, for I fancy I shan't have much difficulty with you. Heave your watch over or take it with you?"

"If you wouldn't mind accepting it," said Josiah, pulling out his fine old turnip-shaped time-piece, "as a memento of our friendship—which, though brief, has, I trust, been sincere—it would give me great pleasure."

"Certainly," said the Captain, weighing it in his hand critically, and thinking to himself that it might serve as ballast in a last emergency. "I'll hang it over my bed, and will think of you whenever it ticks. Nothing more to say?"

"No," said Josiah; "only please to drop me feet first."

The Captain took him up in his arms as if he were a child, held him for a moment over the side of the car, and, with a cheery farewell, dropped him.

Josiah felt his hat go, and could see the balloon shoot up with tremendous rapidity, though, as he reckoned, the rate of velocity would need to be divided by about half, as he was simultaneously descending rapidly. He felt the rush of air, and shrank from the moment, coming nearer and nearer, when he should strike the earth. He seemed an unconscionably long time falling. Still, through the clouds he went, and, as it seemed to him at the end of five minutes, began to get glimpses of the earth. Down he went like a shot. The rushing noise in his ears grew more intolerable. There was a swift up-growth of the hedgerows, a sudden vision of cows and horses, and of people running across fields. Then a heavy bump, and Josiah, opening his eyes, found himself lying on the floor in the room in King street.

On the table were an empty claret bottle and two tumblers. The room was full of the smoke, now growing stale, of cigars. Josiah was shivering with cold, and the room was dark save from what light flickered in from the lamp down the street. He struck a light, and there in its accustomed place on the mantelpiece was his watch, the hands pointing to three o'clock. Dazed and shivering he crept into bed, where he thought the matter over, and amid much that was bewildering groped his way to the conclusion that Capt. Mulberry really had come into his room, had spent an hour with him, smoked cigars, drank claret, and then went off. He remembered standing at the head of the stairs shaking hands with him and promising to dine with him at his club one day in the following week. Then he had gone back and lain on the couch, where, overcome with the unaccustomed tumbler of claret and dazed with the tobacco smoke, he had fallen asleep, dreamed, and rolled off on to the floor.

A Young Sea Serpent.

Two Steamboat Men Give Desperate Battle to a Lake Monster.

It is but a few years since Mr. Robert Young, one of our most worthy and respected citizens, caught a glimpse of an aquatic monster in Chat Lake, near Arnprior, Canada, which he describes as being of enormous size and proportions. Captain Brown, of the steamer Alliance, also got a view of one of these monsters in the same waters the summer before last, and various other people claim to have seen large specimens at different times and at divers places. But this week we are in a position to announce the capture of what is probably one of the progeny of the real original old Chat Lake serpent, which has often struck terror to the hearts of superstitious river men. While coming down the Snow Rapids, with a tow, last Monday morning and while off Blackwell's Island, the crew of the Lord Young noticed a huge serpent swimming ahead of the boat. Mr. John Dungan, chief engineer, and a deck hand named Shaw, jumped into a boat and started in pursuit of the reptile. They succeeded in getting within striking distance of the serpent when Mr. Dungan struck it a blow over the head with his oar. The beast then turned and made for the occupants of the boat, literally churning the water with his tail in his fury. Another powerful and well-directed blow with an oar on the neck of the serpent laid it out dead, when it was taken in tow and brought aboard the steamer. The crew of the boat stretched it out on the rail and measured it with a rule. Its total length was eleven feet, while the body was thirteen inches in circumference. Its jaws were pried open and a pair of compasses inserted, which were opened out to a distance of six inches. The description given of this reptil is the same as that given by Mr. Young and Captain Brown, so that it is possible that the one just killed is a lineal descendant of the old king snake who has sported himself in Chat Lake for years past.—*Canada Exchange.*

A WOMAN'S HEROISM. In connection with the White Breast Bottom, Iowa, storm, we wish to speak of the heroic conduct of Mrs. Carey, a young married lady, who was stopping with Mrs. Wiles for the night. About 9.30 or 10 P. M. the banks of the creek began to overflow and soon the water began coming into the house; the whole bottom was a black and roaring body of water; the rain was pouring down in torrents; the cloud overhung the sky like a velvet curtain, and the thunder was terrific. Mrs. Carey took one little boy, aged about nine, and Mrs. Wiles' baby, but six weeks old, left the house and started for high ground. Reaching the garden fence, perhaps 100 feet from the house, she found the current so strong that she could not keep her footing. Her clothes became entangled in a barb wire fence. Fortunately she was at the foot of a tree. Helping the boy to climb the tree, she handed him the baby to hold a moment. The waters were raging all about her and were rapidly rising. She must act quickly. With great presence of mind she disengaged herself by tearing her dress from her person and swung herself into the tree. Assisting the boy to climb farther up she took the baby and held it and herself by one foot and one hand to that swaying tree for three long hours, and till rescued by men, who swam in to her and brought her and the children away by the aid of ropes. When the men reached her she said, "save the baby first." The heroism of this noble little woman who thus saved these children—the children of another—deserves to be mentioned in song.—*Osceola Sentinel.*

A PRETTY BIG SNAKE STORY. The Worcester *Gazette* gives the following account of a terrific encounter with a reptile, which country people will hope cannot be matched elsewhere in Massachusetts:

Joseph Garbwree of Millville, had a terrible encounter with a black snake, near Mr. Clark Cook's farm in Mendon, on Friday, and after a hard struggle managed to kill his snakeship, which measured 12 feet length and 12 inches around its body. The snake wound around the body of Garbwree several times and came very near at one time taking his breath away. He is also badly bitten about the arms and legs, but was not bitten in the face.

Mr. Garbwree describes the encounter as follows:—He was walking between Mr. Nichols' place and Mr. Cook's, and he came to the snake in the road, and Garbwree began to back away from it and the snake raised his head and started for Mr. Garbwree, who saw the snake coming. He tried to jump on the snake, but the snake coiled around his legs and body in less time than he could tell it, and then squeezed and bit him in 10 or 12 different places. Mr. Garbwree got hold of a stick about 3½ feet long and struck the snake, and on receiving the first blow, the snake uncoiled himself and did not try to bite him after that, but would jump all over him. Mr. Garbwree was 35 minutes in the tussle with the snake before killing it.

Young Folks' Column.

The Canary's Story.

I spent my early days in a large cage with my numerous brothers, sisters, cousins and aunts with but little variation. Changes come to birds as well as to people; so one day I was taken out of the large cage and put in a tiny box of a cage, about large enough for me to turn around in comfortably.

After a great deal of jolting I was set down in rather a pleasant room, and was introduced to one of the dearest little fellows you ever saw. Such a voice, and what sweet things he did say.

He talked and sang to me until he quite persuaded me to set up house-keeping with him. Then followed a period of bliss. Everything was done for our comfort. We were put in a house with every convenience and all modern improvements. We were furnished with a great variety and quantity of food; materials were placed in easy reach for us to build our nests with. In fact, there was nothing to mar our happiness, unless it was the annoyance caused by several prying women watching our movements.

Pretty soon I laid an egg. What a time we had chattering about it and making plans. Then I laid another and another, until there were six. I then commenced the usually tiresome task of sitting on them but which was to me rather delightful, with my little husband to keep me company. He sang to me, fed me, talked to me, and comforted me in every way.

At last my patience was rewarded, and out came five little yellow legs. Then what dainties were pressed on us; how we were sheltered from every draught and danger. This care continued until my five little darlings were able to sit comfortably in the perch, when lo! what changes took place. My husband was put in a lovely little gilt cage, while I had only an old blue one. Why we were separated and why this distinction was made I could not tell. It is true my dear little husband deserved all he got, but why was I so treated? Was it because I didn't hatch the sixth egg? That wasn't my fault. Didn't one of those curious old women slam a door and frighten the little darling to death? Even if it had been my fault, didn't I wear myself thin hatching those others, and afterwards, didn't I rear them faithfully?

I soon found out why Frankie got chickweed and lettuce with his seeds every morning and was hung out in the sunshine, while I was set around in all sorts of corners. He was a male, and I was "only a female." Only a female, indeed! What would the world do without females, I should like to know?

One day a strange hand undertook to set my cage to rights, and through her carelessness I escaped and flew to my darling, when, to my horror, I found I could not get to him; he was shut in tight. I sank down in despair and allowed myself to be caught, and only roused to hear these words, "It wouldn't have made much difference if she had escaped; she is 'only a female.'"

That was adding insult to injury, and I made up my mind, then and there, that next time I would fly far away and never come back.

The next time soon came, and here I am, out in the world—free. At first I flew ever so far, but I heard my dear husband chirping in such mournful tones that I thought I would just fly back and say good-bye. When he saw me he gave such a glad cry, and then commenced to coax me to come back. He grieved to think of my being all alone in this great world; then he pictured his loneliness in such distressing tones that I almost relented.

Can I resist his pleadings? What happier lot can I wish than that of making his life sweeter? But hark! what do I hear? "Only the female bird that escaped." No, I'll not come back even for my husband. Farewell to love and all hope of happiness. Those anguished, despairing tones touch my heart. I yield; I yield. Oh, Frankie dear, I fly; I come.

For the Young Folks' Column.

Intemperance.

[COMPOSITION BY A LITTLE BOY.]

Intemperance is the greatest curse to the human race that ever was. Liquor disgraces all who use it. It makes their breath smell bad. It takes away their senses and destroys their constitution. Maine is the most temperate State in the Union, and I am proud to live on her pure soil and breathe her pure air. Out west where a man does not drink he is laughed at and called "soft." But if they should look in the glass they would see a man who is still softer. In the city of Pittsburg, for example, on an average, every fourth door is a liquor shop, and men are coming and going at all times of day and night. Men who are well off commence to drink and soon leave their families and go around begging for bread. Tobacco is not fit for any one to use; it is enough to kill a man. It is dirty and poisonous, and I think every one might put their money to a better use than buying slow poison. It costs a great deal more than good decent strychnine; it costs even more than money—it costs the body and soul, and the love of one's best friends. Men do not naturally crave liquor, but they take a little at first because some one wants them to, until they cannot live without it; then the grave yawns before them, and soon they are no more.

BRIGHT. Brutes generally learn by experiment, habit, accident or compulsion. Here is one that learned by observation, and must rank with the shrewdest of the class. A writer in *Nature* says that a friend of his was at one time matron of a hospital for poor women and children, which was maintained by subscription. One of the inmates was a blind girl, who was not there as a patient, but temporarily till a home could be found for her. She had learned to feed herself, and at mealtimes a tray containing her dinner was placed on her knees as she sat in a comfortable easy chair for her special convenience in feeding herself.

One day, while she was eating, the pet cat of the establishment placed herself before the girl and looked long and earnestly at her, so earnestly that the matron, fearing the animal meditated some mischief to the girl, took her out of the room.

Again the next day, at the same hour, the cat entered the room, but this time she walked quietly to the girl's side, reared herself on her hind legs, and noiselessly, stealthily reached out her paw to the plate, selected and seized a morsel that pleased her, and silently as she came, departed to enjoy her stolen meal.

The girl never noticed her loss, and when told of it by her companions laughed very heartily. It is evident that the cat, from observation, had entirely satisfied herself that the girl could not see, and by a process of reasoning decided she could steal a good dinner by this practical use of her knowledge.

A GOOD CAT STORY. Good dog stories are plenty, but good cat stories are rare, and for that reason this one is all the more enjoyable. A few days ago, while the fly-wheel of the Winchester Arms manufactory in New Haven was revolving so rapidly that the spokes were indistinguishable, the engineer noticed a white blotch revolving with it, but supposing that it was merely sunlight falling on the wheel, he at first made no investigation. Two hours and a half later he observed that the white streak was still there, and having stopped the engine, he discovered to his amazement the apparition was a substantial white cat which had been clinging to one of the spokes since the wheel started. She was very much exhausted, and the numberless revolutions had made her cross-eyed, but she has since recovered her strength and visual perfection, and become the pet of the establishment.

The little sister: "Well, my little girl," said a New Haven gentleman to a friend's "precloussest," "aren't you going to sing for me?" "No, sir, I'm not a singer." "Now I thought you was a little singer." "Oh, no, I only sing a little to my dolly." "But I'll be your dolly." "You're too big. I guess sister Jennie wouldn't mind if you was hers. She said you was just splendid." Sudden rattling of the dishes in the back room, where Jennie was busy.

It happened at the West End. The new neighbor's boy had called on a family across the street and borrowed flatirons, a kettle, broom, soap, a cup of molasses and a ladle. "Do you want anything more?" was asked. "No, not to-day; mother said she would get better acquainted with you this evening, then I could call again to-morrow," was the reply.

Hal speaks of his birthday which is past as "the birthday 'hind me." He also says, "My cat has got a fur coat—she wears it all the time—a fur coat and fur leggings and fur ear-lappets and a fur tail-cover."

"Mother," cries Harry, excitedly, "Roy set his trap up in the woods and caught a mouse; and oh, there were *tons* and *tons* of gnawings!"

"Mamma, can't we have anything we want?" "Yes, my dears, if you don't want anything you can't have."

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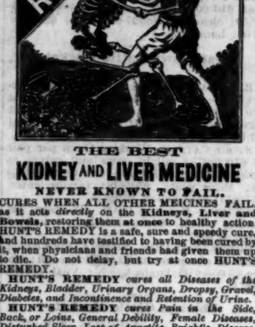

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